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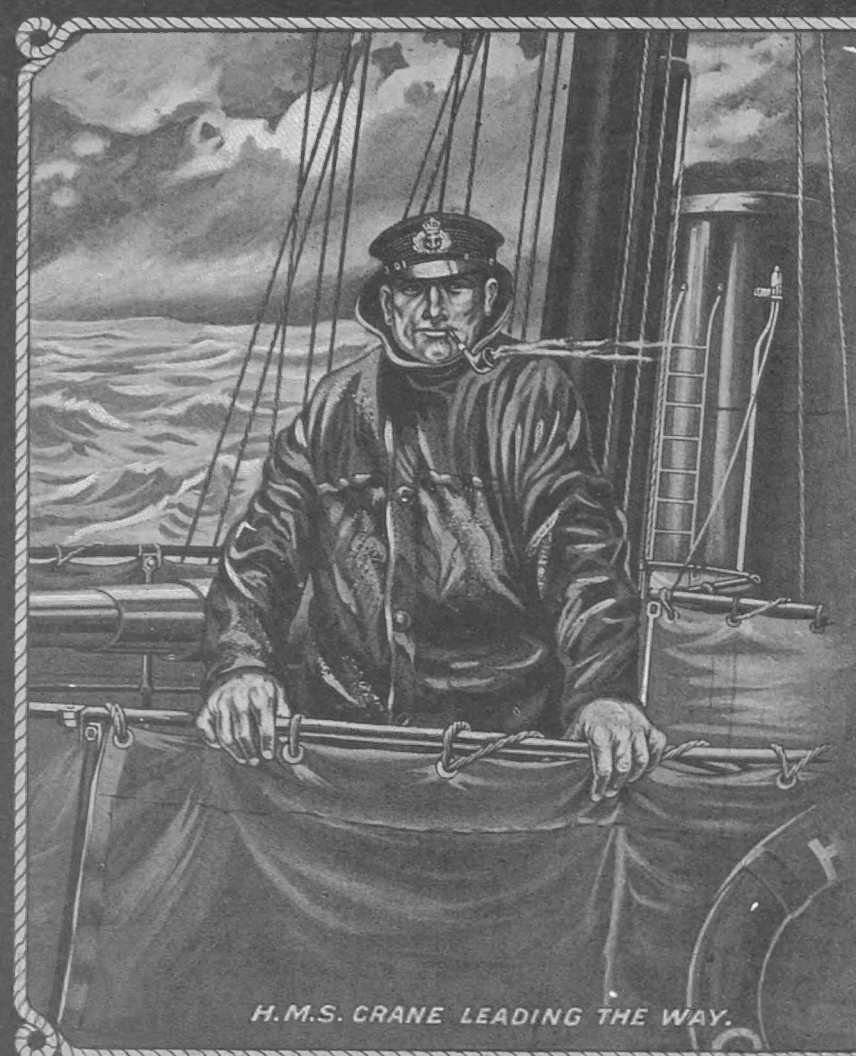
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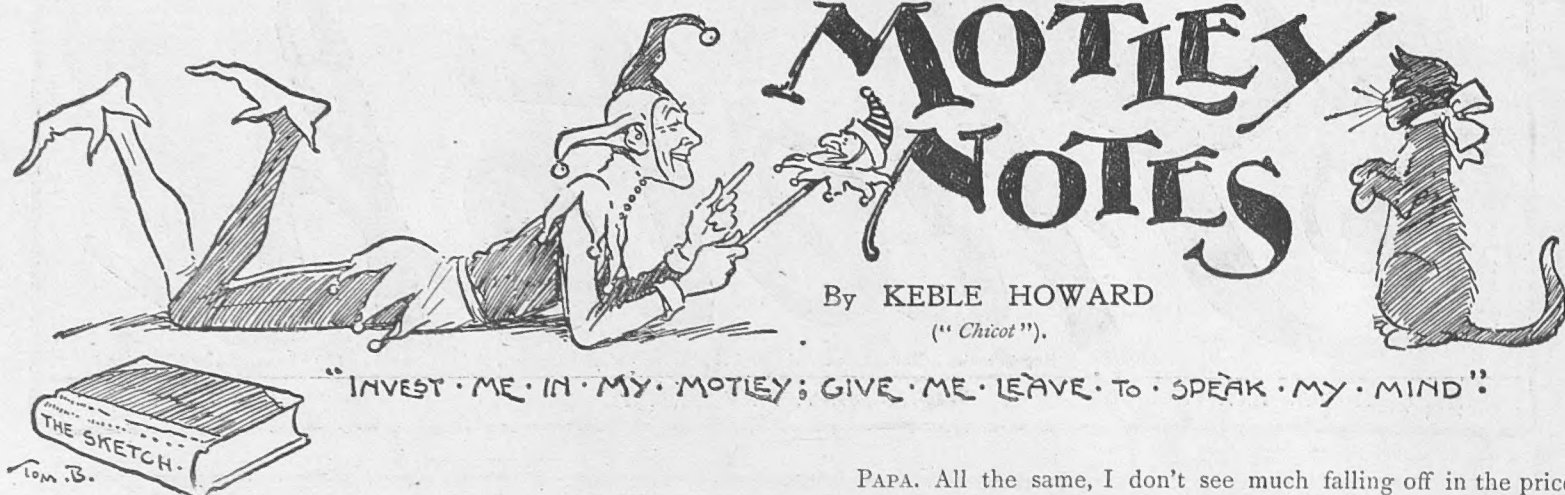
WEDNESDAY, MAY 31, 1911.

ONE SHILLING.



THE BUTTERFLY DANCER.

Setting by "The Sketch"; Photograph of Mme. Pavlova by the Dover Street Studios.



CORONATION CONVERSATIONS.

I.—THE SISTERS.

MISS PANSY. It must be a very wonderful thing to be a Queen, Hannah.

MISS HANNAH. Yes, indeed, Pansy. A truly wonderful thing.

MISS PANSY. Have you ever thought that you would like to be a Queen, Hannah?

MISS HANNAH. No, indeed! I have often felt thankful that I am not, Pansy.

MISS PANSY. Why do you shudder, Hannah? I have no doubt there are a great many women who would like to be the Queen.

MISS HANNAH. That may be, Pansy. I can easily believe it. But when one thinks of the great functions, and the royal guests from abroad, and the crowds staring at one whenever one goes out—! Oh, no; I am quite content with our little house, and our little garden, and our simple duties. "The daily round, the common task, Will furnish all we need to ask"—I always think those lines so very beautiful.

MISS PANSY. All the same, Hannah, I think I should like to be the Queen for a little while—say, a fortnight.

MISS HANNAH. *You*, Pansy? Oh, for shame! To be discontented with your lot! To sigh for pomps and—and pageantries! I should never have thought it of my little sister! After all the years that we have lived so quietly and amicably together—!

MISS PANSY. Don't misunderstand me, Hannah dear. I am by no means dissatisfied with my walk in life. I know that there must be many who would be glad to change places with me. But when I read these wonderful accounts in the paper, and look at these splendid photographs, I cannot help thinking that, but for an accident of birth, I might have been one of the central figures of those great festivities.

MISS HANNAH. You shock me, Pansy! More than that, you grieve me! It is evident that my society is not sufficient for you! You yearn for the company of somebody more brilliant, more dashing! I—

MISS PANSY. No, no, sister! What you are saying is impossible! I could never wish to be parted from you, even for a single day!

MISS HANNAH. But if you became the Queen for a fortnight, Pansy, you would have to be parted from me for fourteen days.

MISS PANSY. Would you not accompany me, Hannah?

MISS HANNAH. To Buckingham Palace? To Windsor? To Balmoral? Oh, no, no! Go, sister, if you must, but leave me with my flowers, my bird, and my cat. (*Cries.*)

MISS PANSY (*flinging arms round*). Oh, I am a wicked girl! Forgive me! (*Cries.*)

II.—"SEATS TO VIEW."

PAPA. Yes, it will be a wonderful sight, no doubt—a very wonderful sight.

MAMMA. What a pity the seats are so expensive! I don't mind for myself, but I should have liked the children to witness the Procession. These things seem to me to have an educational value.

PAPA. Rather a costly form of education, I'm afraid.

MAMMA. Yes—oh, yes. Although Mrs. Williams was telling me yesterday afternoon that the prices were dropping all round. She says the demand is not nearly so great as was expected. She says that people are being kept away by the stories of the enormous crush: She knows, because she wrote to some agent about letting their house just for June and the first two weeks of July. They made certain of getting a good rent for it, being so near the tram and having a grand piano; but the agent never even replied. Just shows, doesn't it?

PAPA. All the same, I don't see much falling off in the prices for seats to view the Procession. Just listen to this: "Rows one two, and three—three guineas. Rows four, five, and six—two guineas. Other rows—one guinea." Fancy climbing to the seventh row, and then paying a guinea apiece for the privilege!

MAMMA. Perhaps that includes lunch?

PAPA. Possibly; but they don't say anything about lunch. Besides, even if one took one's lunch with one, I suppose one would have to be in one's place about eight in the morning.

MAMMA. Yes, but the children wouldn't mind that. They'd be so interested in the people, and the soldiers, and the police, and all that.

PAPA. And then there's the danger. These stands may collapse. Such things have happened.

MAMMA. Mrs. Williams says that the County Council, or somebody like that, inspects all the stands to see that they're quite safe. She says they make the soldiers jump on them. It isn't very nice for the soldiers, but it does give one a feeling of security.

PAPA. H'm. Four guineas. And then there's a month at the seaside in August.

MAMMA. *Four* guineas, dear? But only Mabel and Jack would go. The others are much too tiny.

PAPA. Mabel and Jack couldn't very well go alone. We should have to go with them, if only as a matter of duty.

MAMMA. Oh! Do you mean—? How lovely! I should so like it! You dear man! (*Kiss.*)

III.—GETTING TO KNOW.

AMERICAN VISITOR. Say, boy!

ALPHONSE. *M'sieur*? Sir?

AMERICAN VISITOR. Will I be able to get up a permit to size-up that old Abbey down yonder?

ALPHONSE. Oh, yes, Sir; but it is not at all necessary.

AMERICAN VISITOR. How's that? Don't need no permit?

ALPHONSE. Oh, no, Sir. Ring the bell and walk in. It is all.

AMERICAN VISITOR. Well, that's fine. And what about thisyer House o' Lords there's all the write-up around? Do they show that the same way?

ALPHONSE. One moment, Sir. I ask the head waiter. (*Returning.*) Fritz say he not quite sure about that, but he think you buy a ticket at the office.

AMERICAN VISITOR. Office? What office? You mean the bureau in the hall, I guess?

ALPHONSE. Pardon?

AMERICAN VISITOR. Oh, Helen! Say, boy! Just fetch that Fritz you were talking about, will you?

ALPHONSE. Certainly, *M'sieur*. (*Fritz arrives.*)

AMERICAN VISITOR. Oh, say! Now listen! I want to get to see this old chin-wag shop where the cleanin' out's goin' on.

FRITZ. *Pardon*?

AMERICAN VISITOR. The staff of this bed-and-board fit-out is too meek by a long way. House o' Lords, Sonny. Do I require a permit, or do I pull the bell and walk in? That assistant of yours has a taking smile, but I shouldn't describe him as positively exuding information.

FRITZ. Oh, the boy, Sir? 'E not know nothing. 'E only 'ere two day. I tell 'im to tell you what it is. You go there in taxicab and you see a little kiosk with policeman inside 'im. You tell the policeman what it is you want, and 'e give you small ticket that take you any part 'Ouse o' Lord. It is all so simple.

AMERICAN VISITOR. I'm there. Much obliged. What's the price?

FRITZ. Well, it is nothing. One—two pence. Thank you, Sir.

POLITICIANS' PLAYTIME: THE SMITH — WINTERTON DANCE.



1. MR. F. E. SMITH, K.C., M.P. FOR THE WALTON DIVISION OF LIVERPOOL (18TH CENTURY), AND EARL WINTERTON, M.P. FOR THE HORSHAM DIVISION OF SUSSEX (SERGENT-DE-VILLE).
2. LORD LONSDALE (A GOVERNOR OF CARLISLE).
3. MR. PHILIP SASSOON (EASTERN DRESS) AND LADY CREWE (RUTH).

4. MR. F. B. MILDMAI, M.P. FOR THE TOTNES DIVISION OF DEVONSHIRE (A CHARWOMAN).
5. THE HON. MAURICE BARRY, MR. LEWIS MALLET, LADY RIPPON (IN RUSSIAN DRESS), LADY DESBOROUGH, AND "MR. SPRAKER" (A MOOR).
6. MR. HAROLD SMITH, M.P. FOR WARRINGTON (MACDUFF).
7. LADY WOLVERTON (EARLY VICTORIAN).

8. MAJOR H. G. HENDERSON, M.P. FOR THE ABINGDON DIVISION OF BERKSHIRE; MR. IAN MALCOLM, M.P. FOR CROYDON; AND THE HON. C. T. MILLS, M.P. FOR THE UXBRIDGE DIVISION OF MIDDLESEX (CHINAMEN).
9. MRS. CYRIL WARD AND LORD DUNCANNON (APACHE DANCERS).

Mr. F. E. Smith and Earl Winterton gave a most successful fancy-dress ball last week, a function attended by many Society people and politicians. The affair was remarkable not only for its brilliance, but for the fact that it was the largest private fancy-dress ball which has been given in London for a good while past.

Photographs by the Illustrations Bureau.

THE WORLD A-R.I.: HISTORY AT THE R.I. COSTUME BALL.

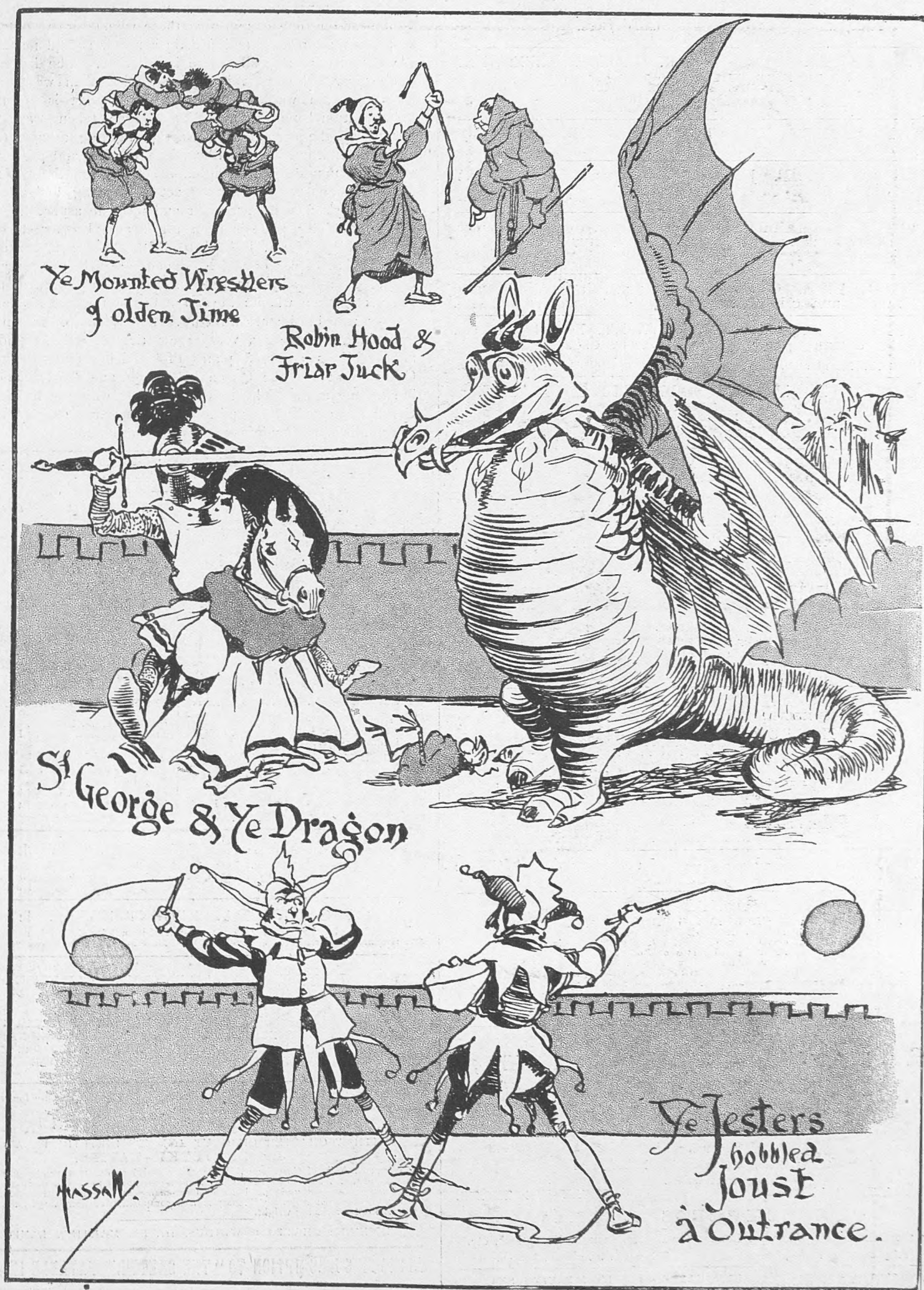


HASSALL'S OWN SKETCHES OF THE REVELS OF WHICH HE WAS MASTER: COSTUME JESTS
AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS' BALL.

The Historical Costume Ball of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, which was held last week, was remarkably interesting, especially as no dress of a later date than 1837 was permitted. Novelty was added to the proceedings by various "historical impromptus," of which revels Mr. John Hassall, assisted by Mr. Beck, was Master. During the evening Mr. Hassall, who made his first appearance as a Viking, assumed many make-ups.—

Continued opposite.

HASSALL'S OWN SKETCHES OF JACK HASSALLED HISTORY.



GAY DOINGS AT THE R.I. COSTUME BALL: HISTORICAL REVELS AS PICTURED BY THE MASTER OF THE REVELS, MR. JOHN HASSALL.

Continued.

—Amongst other personages, he was Richard Cœur de Lion listening to Blondel playing on "assorted instruments," and eventually being rescued by being carried away inside the tower; then, he was a knight in armour jousting with another knight; next, he was discovering Guy Fawkes in a gunpowder barrel; next, engineering St. George's fight with the dragon—and so on—to the great merriment of all concerned.

SKETCHES BY JOHN HASSALL.

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Every Evening at 8.10. Matinée Every Saturday at 2.30.

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"THE SKETCH" CORONATION NUMBER; AND ITS PRESENTATION PLATE.

WE wish to impress upon our readers the fact that *The Sketch* Coronation Number—a marvellous florin's-worth—is due to appear on June 6, and that those who desire to obtain copies of a most interesting and artistic souvenir should make haste to place their orders while there is yet time. The large coloured plate presented with it is in itself more than worth the price asked for the whole Number. The subject is a unique and unconventional portrait of King George taken from life, and caught by the camera in the act of lighting a cigarette. The lighted match in his hand illuminates the face and produces a very vivid and unusual photographic effect. From the point of view of expression, too, the simple act of lighting a cigarette shows his Majesty's face in a familiar and intimate aspect free from all formality. This plate is from the beautiful coloured engraving published by Mr. S. J. Beckett, F.R.P.S., at 295, Euston Road, N.W., proof copies of which (signed) are sold at twenty shillings each. There is no doubt that this uncommon portrait of the King, taken at a time when all eyes are drawn towards his personality, forms a valuable historical record. *The Sketch* Coronation Number also contains, among a very large variety of striking photographs and drawings, coloured plates of the King and Queen in their Coronation robes, the Queen by herself, and the Prince of Wales in shooting attire. The letterpress deals with the lighter side of Coronation ceremonies, and tells many a good story of humorous and unrehearsed incidents at previous Coronations.

THE BEST BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

JOHN LONG. Aberaion. J. Evans Williams. 6s. She was a Widow. Ruth Rivers. 3s. 6d. The Unconscious Bigamist. Mrs. Cameron Shute. 6s. The Torch of Venus. Leslie Mortimer. 6s.	THE BODLEY HEAD. Sam's Kid. F. Mills Young. 6s. An Irish Beauty of the Regency. Mrs. Warrenne Blake. 10s.
MILLS AND BOON The Phantom of the Opera. Gaston Leroux. 6s.	MACMILLAN. The Agonists. Maurice Hewlett. 4s. 6d.
STANLEY PAUL. In Fear of a Throne. R. Andom. 6s. The White Owl. Kate Horn. 6s.	MURRAY. Ivor. George Hansby Russell. 6s.
HEINEMANN. Burning Daylight. Jack London. 6s. Memories of a Manager. Daniel Frohman. 5s.	SIR I. PITMAN. Science and the Criminal. C. Ainsworth Mitchell. 6s.
The Gift of the Gods. Flora Annie Steel. 2s.	METHUEN. The Lore of the Honey Bee. Tuckner Edwardes. 1s.
CHAPMAN AND HALL The Shadow on the Quarterdeck. Major W. P. Drury. 2s. Men at Arms. Major W. P. Drury. 2s. Friendly Faces of Four Nationalities. M. Betham Edwards. 10s. 6d.	EVELEIGH NASH. The Marriage Maze. Olive Lethbridge and Gerald Fitzgerald. 6s. Raffles. E. W. Hornung. 2s. The Bewildered Bride. Randal Charlton. 6s.
ELLIOT STOCK. The Other Richard Graham. Mrs. Frank Clapperton. 6s.	GRANT RICHARDS. Romance and Reality. Holbrook Jackson. 3s. 6d. KEGAN PAUL. Through the Alps to the Apennines. P. G. Konody. 12s. 6d.

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Dropping the Pilot.

Porfirio Diaz is resigning his Presidency in Mexico, and much of the pathos that attached to Bismarck's fall from power is to be found in the dropping of the reins of government by the octogenarian who for so many decades has been the master of the great South American Republic. People who have met President Diaz have told me that no King or Emperor or Prince in whose presence they had been had impressed them so much with his dignity as did Señor Diaz.

Some Stories of Diaz.

From a poor bare-footed boy, with more Indian than Spanish blood in his veins, Señor Diaz forced his way to be a successful general and then a successful President. He was the soul of politeness, and whenever any individual or any body of men did anything that he disliked he always most politely asked them to desist, and if they did not do so he shot them. When, in Yucatan, the inhabitants of the province elected to some office the man who opposed the Presidential nominee, Señor Diaz politely ignored this indiscretion on their part, wrote cordially approving of the election of his candidate, and said that, as a compliment, he was sending a regiment of soldiers to attend his installation. The presence of that complimentary body of soldiery was not required. When General Madero, the man who has been the immediate instrument of a great man's fall, canvassed the country as a candidate for the Presidency, President Diaz allowed him for some time to continue his tour, and then, thinking that his canvass had been of sufficient duration, put him into prison. Anyone meeting President Diaz when he had turned his eightieth year always took him to be, if they did not know his age, a well-preserved man of sixty. Very much the same causes which led to the downfall of Bismarck have led to the downfall of Diaz. Both were men of iron, and neither of them could understand, because they did not change, that the world round them was changing.

The International Polo Match.

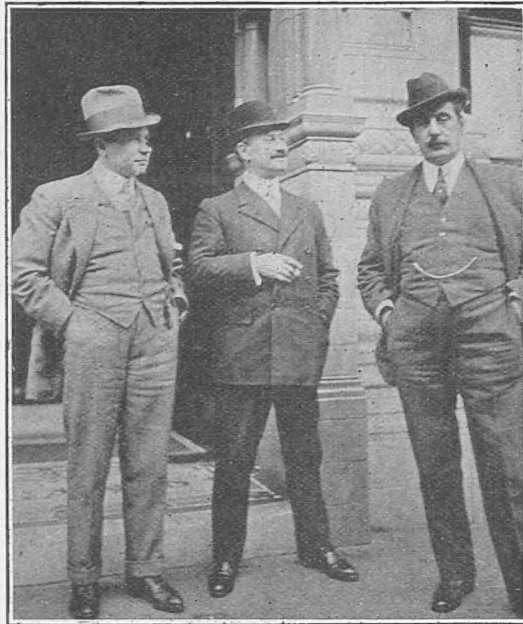
Wednesday of this week is not only Derby Day, a day of supreme importance in England, but it is also an important day for Great Britain in America, for to-morrow the British team meet the American defenders in the first match for the International Cup. The Meadowbrook Club, where the games are to be played, is in its way a copy of Hurlingham or Ranelagh, for an old country house has been turned into a club, and polo grounds and tennis and other grounds laid out round it. Stands have been put up such as surrounded the ground at Hurlingham when the Americans played here, and enormous prices have been charged for seats, which, of course, is never the case at our English clubs. Our English team have been staying at the

Rockaway Hunting Club at Cedarhurst, which is but a few miles from Meadowbrook, both clubs being on Long Island, an hour's journey from New York. Our British team has been beating good American teams with apparent ease; but so has the team of defenders, and in what was regarded as an exact trial of form, beat the next best American team by fifteen goals to two. Mr. Milburn, the American back, who first began to play polo when he was at Oxford, showed exceptionally fine form in the match I am referring to, having shot five goals from his place in the game, which must have meant exceptionally hard hitting. The wish of every sporting man on this side of the Atlantic will be that the Cup may go to the best team, and that, however the games may go, our British representatives may make a fine fight for the Old Country.

Coronation Flags.

A timely reminder has been issued that the Royal Standard must not be flown over any stand, and should not be displayed on any building at Coronation time, or indeed, at any other time. The Royal Standard is, of course, the personal flag of the monarch, and is only hoisted on any building or in any place where he may be. Judging from the show of bunting made in the shops where Coronation decorations are being sold, the Union Jack will be the favourite flag to be flown on June 22 and 23. But the flag which will be most appropriate to the occasion is a St. George's Cross on a white ground, the flag of England which is flown on all churches and other public buildings for festive celebrations. The Union Jack is a sign of authority, and I have known occasions in the Colonies when people flying this flag have been requested to pull it down, as only the Governor and the Commander-in-Chief were entitled to fly it.

Whether this was a justified request I do not know, but the offending flag always came down. We are more particular about these things in the Overseas Dominions and Colonies than in Great Britain. It is not etiquette, for instance, in India for anyone except the very high Government officials to put their native servants into scarlet clothing. Now and again, some ambitious Babu or Zemindari Rajah does adopt the royal colour; but if they drove to call on a Lieutenant-Governor or a Commissioner with their servants clad in scarlet, they would probably hear some remarks on the subject. There is more unwritten law concerning privileges in India than anywhere else. At Simla, for instance, only three ladies are allowed to drive on the Roads—the wife of the Viceroy, the wife of the Commander-in-Chief, and the wife of the Lieutenant-Governor. All the other ladies in the summer capital must either ride or be drawn in rickshaws if they do not care to walk.



CONCERNED IN "THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST": MM. AMEDEO BASSI, THE DICK JOHNSON OF THE PRODUCTION; CAMPANINI, THE CONDUCTOR; AND PUCCINI, THE COMPOSER.

It was arranged that Puccini's new opera, "La Fanciulla del West" ("The Girl of the Golden West") should be produced at Covent Garden on the 29th, under the conductorship of M. Campanini. Mme. Destinn was cast for Minnie, as she was in New York; and M. Bassi for Dick Johnson, the character played in New York by Signor Caruso. [Photograph by S. L. Loeb.]



THE CREW ORIGINALLY CHOSEN TO MEET JESUS COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, ON THE CANAL AT TERDONCK, NEAR GHENT; THE BELGIAN EIGHT.

In the back row (reading from left to right) are V. de Bisschop, trainer of the Royal Nautical Club; O. Bauwens, of the Royal Sport Club; P. Veirman, of the Royal Nautical Club; G. Willems, of the Royal Sport Club; and E. Wauters, trainer of the Royal Sport Club. In the first row are G. Wauters, of the Royal Sport Club; G. Vanden Bossche, of the Royal Sport Club; S. Kowalski, of the Royal Nautical Club; T. Bauwens, of the Royal Nautical Club; and G. van Daele, of the Royal Nautical Club. In front is the cox, Charles Bailliu. The race, which took place on Thursday, the 25th, resulted in a win for the Jesus College crew by two lengths. The Belgian crew was slightly altered for the actual race, another oarsman of the name of Vanden Bossche being substituted for one of the two Bauwens. [Photograph by Knott.]



LONDON is almost as full of portraits as of people. The King and Queen have just smiled approval on themselves in Mr. Joseph Simpson's rendering. Inside Agnew's are portraits of as many celebrities as pass the Bond Street portals.

Monsieur Arthur Chaplin has hung his colours opposite to the Royal Institution in Albemarle Street, and is sure of conquests among English sitters. M. Laszlo, in his likeness of Lady Northcliffe, has, it is complained by one exacting critic, missed an opportunity, for here was a beautiful Sir Thomas Lawrence in the making. M. Laszlo can reply that he is Laszlo, not Lawrence. Mrs. Asquith and her most paintable relatives are found in two or three galleries. Lord Wemyss, done in half an hour, is found in Bond Street; and the Countess of Wemyss has been on view for two days in Miss Florence Upton's studio in Great College Street. Lady Mildred Follett, at Walker's Gallery, is so winsomely and exquisitely gowned that a law ought really to be passed to prevent any further interruption of her toilet by the collapse of airships outside her window, as on a recent occasion at Farnborough.



TO BE MARRIED ON JUNE 1: MISS DOROTHY K. MONRO
AND MR. HENRY E. DAVIES.

Miss Monro is the second daughter of Mr. David Carmichael Monro, of La Caledonia, Santa Fé, Argentine Republic, and 26, Rosary Gardens, S.W. Mr. Henry Eustace Davies, of the War Office, is the only son of Canon S. Davies, of Wyke Regis Rectory, Weymouth.

Photographs by Langley.

cottages upon his estate. They were ordinary cottages with front doors, like any others. But the front doors are never used, Sir Tatton having forbidden it; he objects to women gossiping in public. Church-building has been his prime hobby, and he has spent over a million upon it. Sir Tatton's great age—he is eighty-five—at once aggravates and lightens the loss of Sledmere; Major Mark Sykes, who is more than fifty years younger than his father, is to be equally commiserated. The future baronet has, it is true, given his attention to such gaudy things as the Ottoman Empire, Mesopotamia, and the Kurdish tribes, rather than to the decorous niceties of Georgian furniture. But even to careless eyes Sledmere offered particular attractions. Built by Rose in 1780 for Sir Christopher Sykes, it was only just now coming into deserved fame as a fine example of its period. Fortunately, many of its treasures, such as miniatures and books, were easily saved. Lady Sykes was spared the shock of being at Sledmere. Like her son, she is an author; and her "Side-lights on the South African War," together with the experiences that went to the making of them, mark her for a woman of vigorous mind.



MARRIED ON MAY 30: MRS.
WYNDHAM PERSSE KNATCHBULL.

It was arranged that Miss Sybil M. Burke, youngest daughter of the late Mr. Ullick Ralph Burke, of Foxrock Lodge, Co. Dublin, and of Mrs. Baldwin, of Westfield House, Fareham, Hants, should marry Mr. Wyndham Persse Knatchbull on the 30th. Mr. Knatchbull is the son of Col. F. Knatchbull, late of the Norfolk Regiment, and Princess Victoria's Royal Irish Fusiliers.—The same day was fixed for the wedding of Miss Edith Maud Paley, second daughter of the late Algernon H. Paley, barrister-at-law, and of Mrs. Paley, The Nook, Henley-on-Thames, with Lieutenant Robert C. Hamilton, R.N., son of Lord George Hamilton.—Miss Dorothy Oxley is marrying Mr. R. L. McCall, Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders.—Miss Agnes Freda Kebir Whipple, only daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel J. H. C. Whipple, M.D., Coldstream Guards, and of Mrs. Whipple, 40, Redcliffe Square, is marrying Mr. Evelyn Shaw.—[Photographs by Kate Pragnell and H. Walter Barnett.]



MARRIED ON MAY 30: MRS.
ROBERT C. HAMILTON.



TO BE MARRIED ON JUNE 1:
MISS DOROTHY OXLEY.



TO BE MARRIED ON JUNE 1:
MISS AGNES WHIPPLE.

Man and Mansion. Sir Tatton Sykes—though for the moment he broke down, and the breakdown of an aged Hercules is no light thing—takes the loss of Sledmere with characteristic stoicism. The fact that his lunch was burnt along with his house was, he tried to say with a smile, no mean part of the disaster: "That cutlet will be over-cooked," he said to the butler during the flight from the dining-room. But when, from the lawn, he saw the magnitude of the disaster, he fairly wept, and his one care was that no life should be risked in the efforts to save his property. But everyone wanted to help Sir Tatton in his extremity, and to save all his favourites from a house extraordinarily well stocked with interesting things. Sir Tatton is a prime favourite in a district that is inclined, however, to regard him as something of an eccentric. Not many years ago he built a number of

Distresses and—Dresses. While still refusing all invitations, and reluctantly disobeying the royal command, Lord Crewe was giving to those about him conclusive signs of his progress towards complete recovery. And now he is welcomed back to work and his friends.



TO BE MARRIED ON JUNE 3: MR. CECIL F. MILSOM
AND MISS LUCY GWLADYS MORRIS.

Mr. Milsom, of the Army Service Corps, is the eldest son of Mr. Francis H. Milsom, of Audley Lodge, Bath. Miss Morris is the eldest daughter of Sir Robert Morris, of Sketty Park, Glamorgan.—[Photographs by Swaine.]

The publication of his name among the King's Coronation Standard-bearers was not the first indication of his doctor's hopes; Lady Crewe herself was the first to fly the colours of recovery. She published her bulletins through her dress-maker; her satins were as good as any thermometer for indicating the state of her patient, and when she appeared at a dance in something very like a *jupe culotte*, of joyful emerald green, she was greeted with, "Now I know Crewe is out of the wood!" The night before his reappearance at Westminster she appeared in triumphant cloth-of-gold.

GOLFERS FACING THE CARDINAL, THE ALPS, AND THE HIMALAYAS.

THE AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP: COMPETITORS AND THE COURSE.



1. MR. GUY C. CAMPBELL (ROYAL AND ANCIENT).
2. MR. E. A. LASSEN (LYTHAM).
3. MR. H. H. HILTON (ROYAL LIVERPOOL).
4. HON. O. SCOTT (CROWBOROUGH BEACON).
5. MR. ANGUS HAMBRO (ROYAL ST. GEORGE'S).
6. MR. B. DARWIN (WOKING).
7. MR. H. G. HUTCHINSON (ROYAL NORTH DEVON).
8. MR. S. H. FRY (ROYAL NORTH DEVON).
9. MR. V. C. LONGSTAFFE (STOKR POGES).

10. MR. JOHN BALL (ROYAL LIVERPOOL).
11. MR. F. A. WOOLLEY (KING'S NORTON).
12. MR. L. M. B. MELVILLE (ROYAL AND ANCIENT).
13. MR. C. C. AYLMER (SIDMOUTH).
14. MR. C. H. ALISON (STOKR POGES).
15. MR. J. ROBB (PRESTWICK ST. NICHOLAS).
16. MR. C. E. DICK (ROYAL LIVERPOOL).
17. MR. ABB MITCHELL (CANDELUPPE).
18. MR. H. E. TAYLOR (RICHMOND).

19. MR. A. C. M. CROOME (ROYAL NORTH DEVON).
20. MR. H. S. COLT (SUNNINGDALE).
21. MR. LIONEL O. MUNN (ROYAL DUBLIN).
22. MR. J. E. LAIDLAY (HON. CO.).
23. CAPT. C. K. HUTCHISON (HON. CO. OF EDINBURGH).
24. MR. EDWARD BLACKWELL (ROYAL AND ANCIENT).
25. MR. ROBERT HARRIS (ACTON).

The course of the Prestwick (Ayrshire) Golf Club is deservedly famous. The soil is almost purely sand, with a covering of velvety turf. There are eighteen holes, with abundant hazards. On the drawing, A marks the Alps, B the Cardinal bunker, and C the sandhills called the Himalayas. It was arranged that the play for the Amateur Championship should begin on Monday last. Eighteen matches were set down for the first round, while 110 competitors having received byes, passed into the second round.—[Photographs by Sport and General.]



By WADHAM PEACOCK.

IF you want to hit a man, hit him hard. The *Butcher's Trade Journal* says, "Vegetarianism is spreading over the country like some loathsome disease." That's the way to do it. Nothing mealy-mouthed or half-hearted about that.

A new and profitable career has been opened for boys—training them to be M.P.s on £400 a year. There is one little mistake in this suggestion. What they should be trained for is to be P.M.s, or Paid Members.

The first aerial taxicab will shortly be running at Lucerne. We shall soon

have to revise our cab-whistles once more—one for a monoplane, two for a biplane, and three for the old-fashioned fogies who still want to grovel along on the earth in a taxi.

"When fifteen Kurds made a rush at the Sultan's carriage the other day, the officer commanding the Sultan's escort got so excited that he fell off his horse." From "Get On or Get Off; or, How to Do the Right Thing at the Right Moment."

TOOTS!

(Flute-playing, especially out of doors, is now recommended as very beneficial for incipient consumptives.)

Suffer not consumption, suffer not disease,
Suffer not tuberculous complaint;

No longer need you puff and blow, and cough, and snort, and sneeze,
Though the remedy's considerably quaint.
You can frighten the bacilli that are preying on your lungs
If sadly and persistently you toot,
Both in and out of season, with a lack of rhyme and reason;
On the nerve-destroying, soul-depressing, melancholy flute.

Tootle in the garden, tootle in the park,
Tootle in the square and in the street;
Tootle in the daytime, tootle in the dark,
Tootle when you drink and when you eat.
Never pause a moment, carry out the cure,
Never slack your weary, dreary toot;
Your neighbours may be saddened, but your
heart-strings will be gladdened,
When you've blown your lungs out solid
on the melancholy flute.

Listen to a Swede, named Uhlin.
"Compare the crooked-backed,
oblique-shouldered, chest-sunken
sporting Englishman with the erect,
chest-expanded Swedish gymnast."
There's one for the sportiboy!
After that lecture from the Swede all
they can do is to go into a corner and
make a noise like a turnip.

Furthermore, Mr. Uhlin falls foul of Eton boys for slouching in the streets. If he were a lower boy he would be taught most carefully and thoroughly the iniquity of swagger.

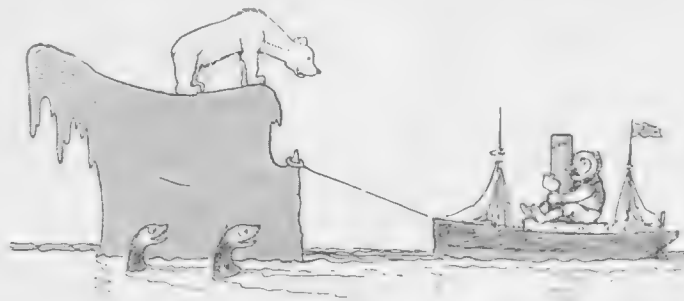
An orchestra is being formed in Berlin, consisting entirely of physicians and surgeons. No doubt, the Germans would sooner listen to them than have their appendices snipped off by a fiddler.

A lamp-post in the Edgware Road has been knocked down thirty or forty times by motor-buses. It is very plucky of the post not to know when it is beaten, but no one could expect a lamp-post to have any chance for the heavy-weight championship.

Mr. Hugh Clements, the weather prophet, has compiled a forecast of the weather for the chief events of the coming June. Cut it out and paste it in your hat, and enter the sweepstakes for spotting the day on which he hits the bull's-eye.

Pwllheli has arranged for a flying exhibition on Monday next as an attraction to visitors. Aviators who cannot pronounce the name in three tries will have to pay an entrance-fee.

Captain Baldwin is at Baltimore planning another expedition to the North Pole. He proposes to tie his ship to an ice-floe and to drift to the Pole, coming out again in 1917. Why, long before



that, Messrs. Grahame-White and Hamel will be flapping overhead in aeroplanes and chaffing him silly.

Yone Noguchi, who, as you may have guessed, is a Japanese, says that the biggest offence to the cherry-blossom is to write poetry on it. We don't worry about writing poetry on it in England—we make it into toothpaste.

President Taft kept quite cool during the recent terrific heat-wave in America by putting a ton of ice under his desk every day. It was lucky that Mr. Taft did not indulge in an after-luncheon nap, or he might have been frozen hard.

THE HOMING CRAB.

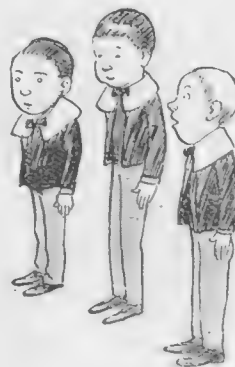
(We must reconsider our ideas of the intelligence of crabs, since two crabs, known by the brass numbers on their backs, crawled from Saltfleet to their home at Withernsea.)

Poets have sung the pigeon—or,
poetice, the dove—
Its tender, homing instinct, and its
chaste maternal love;
The cat they likewise sing of, that, if
e'er compelled to roam.
"Still flies, when let out of the bag,
precipitately home."

The homely crab they praise not, though laborious and slow,
It crawls with sideways motion o'er a beach it does not know,
And fronts with steadfast claw the crabbed dangers there may be
In the forty miles from Saltfleet to its home at Withernsea.

Oh, reprobate those cruel men who sail in fishing-smacks,
And fastened brazen numbers to the middle of their backs;
And next time Betsy dresses crabs for supper or for tea,
Think kindly of those homing crabs in far-off Withernsea!

Beauty-culture for women. "Should your nose be disfigured by small black specks, scrub it every night with a nail-brush dipped in hot water and coal-tar soap." A hardy race, these new women!



THE ARCHER-SAINT: D'ANNUNZIO'S MYSTERY PLAY,
"LE MARTYRE DE ST. SÉBASTIEN."



1. ONE OF THE BROTHERS WHOSE WAVERING FAITH ST. SEBASTIAN STRENGTHENS; M. BAUMÉ IN "LE MARTYRE DE ST. SÉBASTIEN."
4. WITH A MAN'S FIGURE: Mlle. IDA RUBINSTEIN AS ST. SEBASTIAN IN "LE MARTYRE DE ST. SÉBASTIEN."

2. "WHO LOVES ME BEST SHOOTS STRAIGHTEST. YOUR ARROWS, GIVING ME DEATH, GIVE ME LIFE": THE SHOOTING OF ST. SEBASTIAN BY HIS OWN ARCHERS—Mlle. IDA RUBINSTEIN AS THE SAINT.
5. WOMEN MAGICIANS IN M. D'ANNUNZIO'S MYSTERY PLAY.

3. ONE OF THE BROTHERS WHOSE WAVERING FAITH ST. SEBASTIAN STRENGTHENS; M. DALTOUT IN "LE MARTYRE DE ST. SÉBASTIEN."
6. A BEAUTIFUL BALLERINA AS A BEAUTIFUL SAINT: Mlle. IDA RUBINSTEIN AS ST. SEBASTIAN IN "LE MARTYRE DE ST. SÉBASTIEN."

Under an illustration of Mlle. Rubinstein given on another page of this Issue we repeat M. d'Annunzio's statement that the beautiful ballerina dieted specially that she might "thin down" to a man's figure and so be able the better to appear as St. Sebastian in "Le Martyre de St. Sébastien," which was produced in Paris on Monday night of last week. On the first night the performance, it may be noted, lasted from 9.15 p.m. to 1.40 a.m. The costumes are not of the period of the saint, but of that of the chief representations of him in paintings; that is to say, instead of being of 300 A.D., they are of the fourteenth century. The drawing of the Martyrdom of St. Sebastian which appears on this page is by M. Léon Bakst, who designed the scenery for the production, as he did that for the Russian dancers when they were last in Paris.

Photographs by Biard and Co., and Bert, Paris.



By E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

An Important Date, Perhaps.

Will the future historian of the stage, for whom I have provided a good deal of material which he will probably ignore, mark Saturday, the 20th day of May, 1911, with a black stone as an important date? Will he state that it was the day on which, for the first time in the history of the West-End theatres, part of a play was represented by a cinematograph? Is this the beginning of the end? Will "Margaret Catchpole" be able to say, "After me the deluge"? I wonder who could have guessed that a young actor-manager and dramatist of considerable ability would be the first to introduce the thing into an important theatre, and to fill up the entr'actes with morris-dances, and give two scenes consisting of big transparent pictures with elaborate lighting effects, and all in connection with a crude melodrama? It might have been an excellent idea to present us an 1840 melodrama, but the presentation ought to have been more candid, and the orthodox soliloquies should not have been cut—cut, no doubt, for the sake of verisimilitude; and what was the use of cutting them? To do so was like hiding the crutches of a lame man and pretending that he must be able to walk because he has no crutches. Now, considering "Margaret Catchpole" as an entertainment to be presented to our foreign friends and Colonial relatives, it is difficult to speak enthusiastically. Apart from the questions of art suggested by me, it has a certain amount of vivacity, chiefly in the earlier scenes, and some have pretended that it presents a graphic picture of England at the beginning of the nineteenth century, which really is nonsense. No doubt there were sailors and smugglers and pubs., and gaols and Courts of Justice in those days, and so there are now; but fundamentally the adventures of Margaret do not illustrate more than a few aspects of English life in old times. Nor are the adventures the better from a stage point of view for being founded on fact. Indeed, fact is a poor base for fiction.

Et tu, Brute! My grievance is that Mr. Laurence Irving and Miss Mabel Hackney should be the persons to produce this thing of shreds and patches, and their grievance, no doubt, that some of us refuse to treat it seriously as a picture of England in the time of George III. Why shove cinematograph scenes into the times of George III? There is no doubt about one fact: the audience enjoyed the piece; they were quite excited over the arrest of Margaret for stealing a horse, and thrilled when she broke out of gaol and climbed a lofty wall; whilst a struggle on the cliff between the villain of the play (represented with much skill and energy by Mr. Laurence Irving) and Margaret's sweetheart caused people to gasp; and there was plenty of laughter at

the simple humours. Miss Hackney acted with a good deal of spirit, and some scenes were finely rendered by her.

"Julius Cæsar."

Sir Herbert's Marcus Antonius is a performance of such quality that playgoers are always pleased to welcome it, and, so far as one can judge by memory, his work in the play is even finer than at first. I still am of the opinion that he breaks up the oration too much; the actual delivery is extraordinarily good, but one feels that a mob-orator of such cleverness, as soon as he got hold of his audience, would have clung to it desperately till he had reached his triumph, only making the interruptions decreed by the dramatist. Still the matter is arguable, and the performance is of great quality. We had an impressive and dignified Cassius in Mr. Basil Gill, and a remarkably good Cæsar in Mr. A. E. George. I do not think that the personality of Mr. Bouchier fits the part of Brutus. Lady Tree and Miss Frances Dillon played excellently the comparatively tame parts of Portia and Calpurnia.



DIANA OF—THE EMPIRE: MISS F. MARTELL
AS ARTEMIS IN "SYLVIA."

Photograph by Ellis and Walery.

the faults of the popular old melodrama, which will always be associated exclusively with his name. Its faults have long been forgotten, and its merits consist of a good vigorous story, and Mr. Harvey himself; and at the Lyceum, both of these qualities met with full approval. There is a sound company, which does justice to the noisy parts, while finding some difficulty in making the quieter parts audible; but after all, little things like that do not matter on such occasions.

**Miss Ellen
Terry's
Lectures.**

Miss Ellen Terry's little lecture at the Haymarket on Shakespeare was very entertaining and very instructive. Perhaps she did not say much that was new or deep, but some of her observations were shrewd and witty; she had added much study to her own long practical experience, and she spoke with a genuine fervour and enthusiasm, and a grace and eloquence which recalled the days when she was the most popular of all Shakespearean actresses. The lecture was illuminated by little excursions into the text—for Viola, for instance, she had a great tenderness, and she played the Potion



THE EMPIRE'S CONDENSED VERSION OF LEO DELIBES' ROMANTIC BALLET, "SYLVIA,"
AT THE EMPIRE: Mlle. LYDIA KYASHT AS SYLVIA, MISS UNITY MORE AS EROS,
AND MR. FRED FARREN AS PAN.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery.

Scene from "Romeo and Juliet," and Ophelia's madness, and it was all a lesson showing how things ought to be done, given by a mistress of the art.

THE OWNERS OF "PROBABLES" AND "POTENTIALS": DERBY OWNERS; WITH THEIR HORSES AND THE JOCKEYS.



1. UP ON SUNSTAR: G. STERN.

4. THE OWNER OF CELLINI: MR. L. NEUMANN.

7. UP ON PIETRI: D. MAHER.

2. MR. J. B. JOEL'S SUNSTAR.

5. MR. L. NEUMANN'S CELLINI.

8. MR. LEOPOLD DE ROTHSCHILD'S PIETRI.

3. THE OWNER OF SUNSTAR: MR. J. B. JOEL.

6. UP ON CELLINI: WALTER GRIGGS.

9. THE OWNER OF PIETRI: MR. LEOPOLD DE ROTHSCHILD.

As all the world knows, the Derby is to be run to-day (Wednesday, the 31st). On this page we give three much-fancied probable starters and potential winners, their jockeys, and their owners. Sunstar is by Sundridge—Doris; Cellini is by Cyllene—Sirenia; Pietri, by St. Frusquin—Pie Powder.

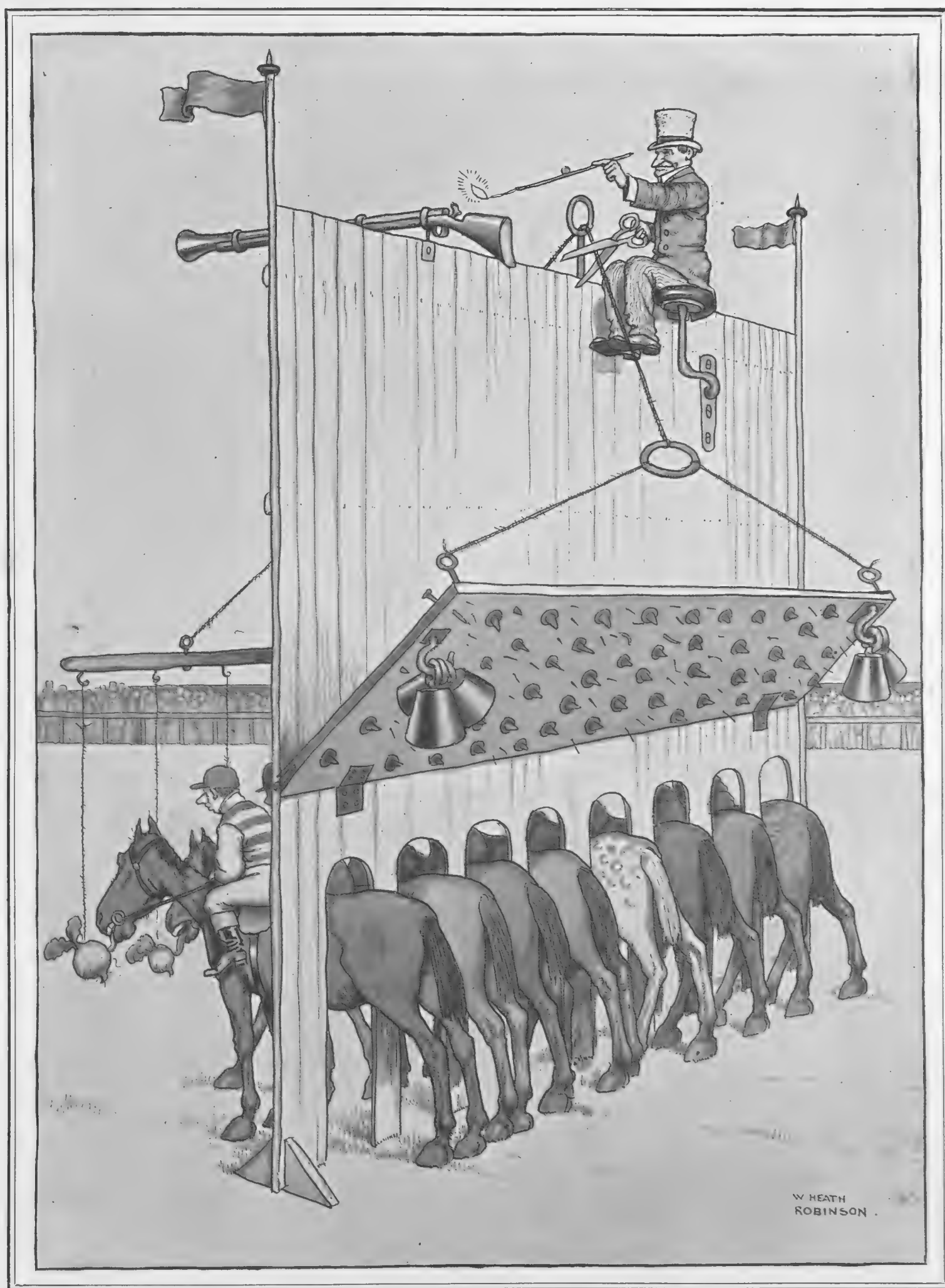
Photographs by Sport and General.

The Derby Truly Illustrated for the First Time—by W. Heath Robinson.



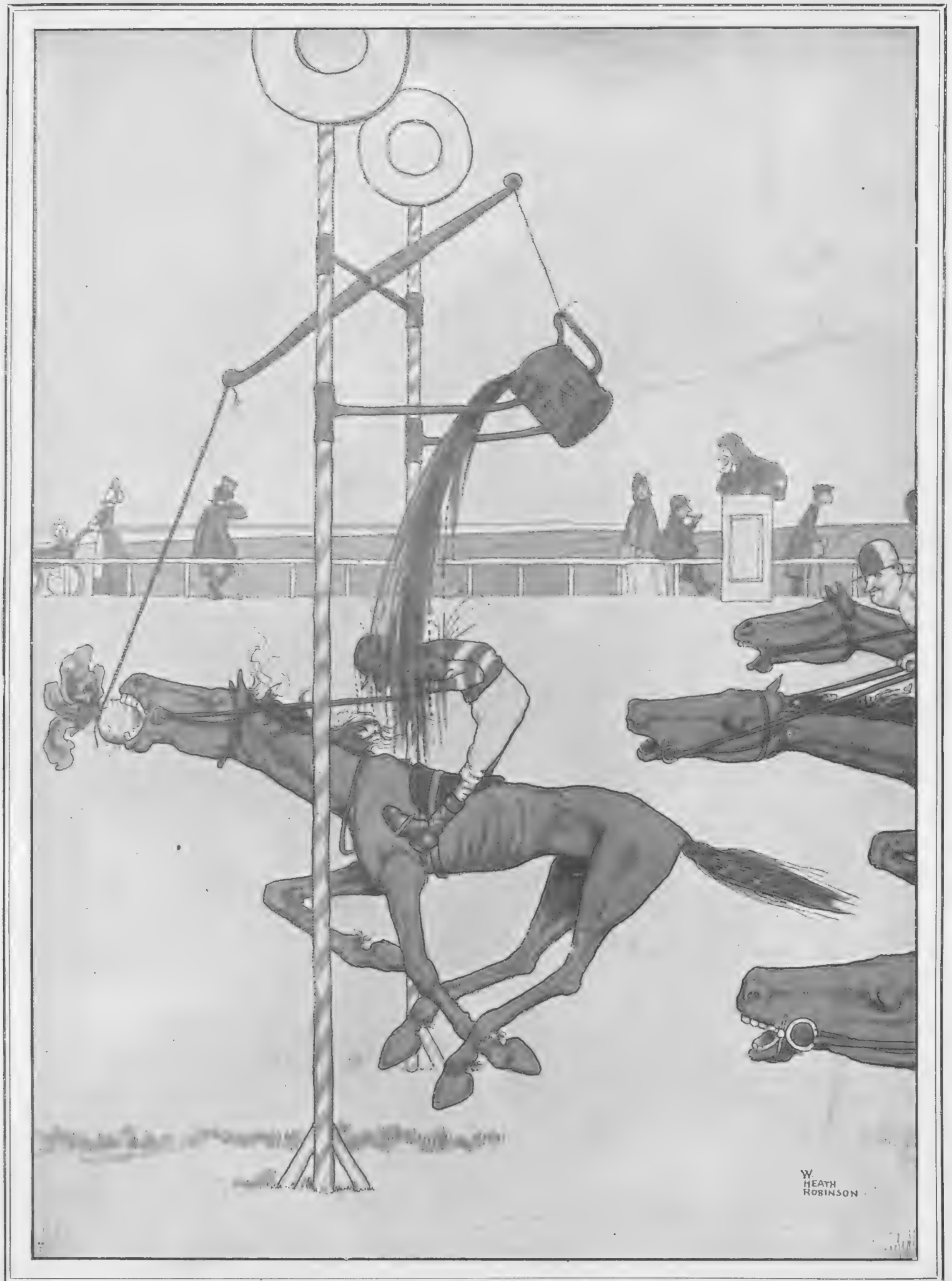
I.—AT TATTENHAM CORNER: THE POLICE CLEARING THE COURSE.

The Derby Truly Illustrated for the First Time—by W. Heath Robinson.



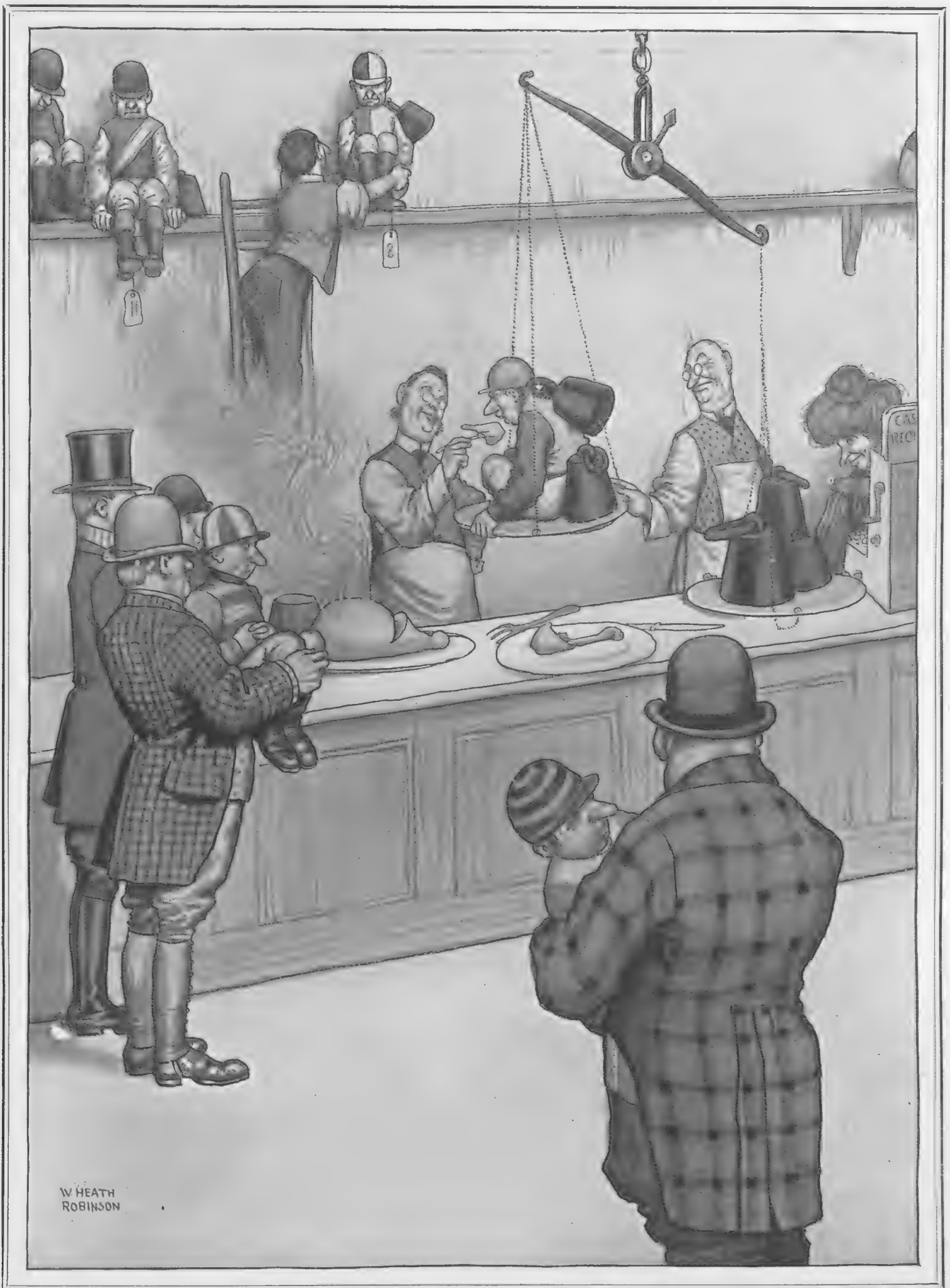
II.—AT THE GATE: THE START.

The Derby Truly Illustrated for the First Time—by W. Heath Robinson.



III.—THE MOST STIRRING MOMENT: THE FINISH.

The Derby Truly Illustrated for the First Time—by W. Heath Robinson.



IV.—AFTER THE RACE: WEIGHING IN.



STAR TURNS



MISS CLAIRE WALDOFF.

THERE is a popular belief that the old Bohemianism—whose hall-marks are a fraternal comradeship which holds all things in common and ignores the distinction between *meum* and *tuum*, that revels in late hours, and keeps the heart of a little child within the breast of a grown man or woman—is dead. One has only to talk for five minutes with Miss Claire Waldoff, who has made so individual a success at the Empire, to realise that this belief is erroneous, and that it still flourishes on the Continent, if it is out of vogue in the West End of London.

A daughter of the Rhine, she was born at Dusborg and was educated in Hanover, where she took a degree which would correspond to the B.A. of a Girton girl. Shortly afterwards, family disagreements ensued, and the independent young student resolved to leave her father's home. Having no money to live on, she naturally had to think of ways and means, and, as she had a strong bias towards the theatre, she resolved to be an actress. She got an engagement in a little travelling company which played in the poorest provincial theatres in small villages. Miss Waldoff acted all sorts of parts—young women, old women, serious women, pathetic women, mothers, grandmothers, and children. Nothing, in fact, came amiss to her. Sometimes, indeed, as in Bjornson's play which we know under its English title as "Beyond Human Power," she often played two of the leading parts, doubling them in a way which was calculated to make even the company smile, for she had to carry on a conversation through an open door off the stage with someone on it while her comrades were helping her to change her dress to enable her to make her entrance in the other character.

Eventually, the company went so far afield as the borders of Russia, on which it remained for six months, playing in the worst of bad luck. During practically the whole of that time Miss Waldoff and her comrades lived on stale sandwiches and tea—those being the cheapest foods they could get—and derived some consolation from tobacco, with the result that Miss Waldoff is to-day a confirmed cigarette-smoker.

At length, she grew tired of living on next to nothing, and resolved to make a change. One day, more in jest than earnest, she announced her intention of going to Berlin. Her comrades laughed long and loud at the idea. To Berlin, however, Miss Waldoff went. She called upon a young actress she knew, and begged for an introduction to a manager. Her friend shook her head. "I can't do that," she said; "you look much too ill to work, and you are much too poorly dressed for me to introduce you to my manager." That, however, did not deter Miss Waldoff. On her own account, without an introduction, she went to see the manager. When he heard her voice, he saw in her an ideal representative of the name-part in "Hannele," which he proposed putting on, so he engaged her at a salary of thirty shillings a week, out of which she had to find her own dresses. There she remained for a year, after which she went to the Neue Schauspielhaus, in Berlin,

where she appeared in vaudeville and where she began to make a public for herself with her quaint Berlin characterisations. There she became one of the Bohemian brotherhood of poets, painters, and actors who constantly shared their worldly possessions with one another, and might almost be said to have held them in common. If a painter were lucky enough to sell a picture, or a poet were lucky enough to sell a song, the comrades feasted royally at his expense while the funds lasted. When the money gave out, they dined in the true Bohemian fashion off two eggs in a glass and a cup of coffee.

While at the Neue Schauspielhaus Miss Waldoff was for a long time the one member of the fraternity who was in the receipt of a regular salary, and her comrades shared equally in the proceeds of her work. One day the director offered her a contract for several years. She asked for a gradually increasing salary every year. He refused to entertain the idea, so she refused to renew her engagement. When she told her comrades, they were in a fine state of anger, and asked what she expected they were going to do for money, seeing that she was the only one on whom they were relying!

IN A COSTUME AFTER HOLBEIN: M. CHARLES DALMORES AS THE OLD FAUST.

M. Dalmorès' make-up is a departure from tradition, in that as the old Faust he does not wear a beard.

That day everybody dined off lenten fare.

The brotherhood went into a committee of ways and means to find out where and how they could get an engagement for Miss Waldoff. They discussed project after project, but could come to no decision. At last she looked up and said, "I will go to the cabarets." "The cabarets!" they laughed; "what do you expect to do there? You haven't any voice; you haven't any frocks; you haven't any songs." "That's all right," said Miss Waldoff; "I am going to the cabarets all the same." She went. She interviewed the manager of the Roland, who offered her two songs which none of his artists would look at. She jerked her head in her characteristic way, and said, "I'll sing them." She went home, she got out a black skirt and blouse, like those she always wears, with a big white collar and a green tie. She studied her songs, and she went down to the cabaret. She was put on second in the bill. In spite of that bad place, she made an enormous success. One of the songs she sang that night she is still singing at the Empire. It is "Nann ist nur Einmal jung." From that night, she never looked back. So great was her success that the manager of every cabaret in Berlin began to bid for her services.

When her term was over at the Roland, the manager of the Chat Noir offered her double the salary to go to him. She went. Then the manager of the Linden, one of the best cabarets in Berlin, offered her an engagement at double those terms, and she went. There she is regarded as a fixture, except for three months in the year when she goes to the Passage Theatre to appear

in the variety show which is given at that house. The cabarets do not open until midnight, and they finish at four o'clock in the morning. Miss Waldoff's turn is at two o'clock, that being the hour at which the chief star appears. Her popularity throughout Germany is so great that her gramophone records sell better than those of any other artist, not excluding the great stars of the opera. In one week no fewer than forty thousand "plates" of her songs were sold in the country.



IN A COSTUME AFTER DÜRER: M. CHARLES DALMORES AS THE YOUNG FAUST.

M. Dalmorès is here shown wearing (for the first time) a costume after a painting by Albrecht Dürer.

Photographs by the Dover Street Studios.

poorly dressed for me to introduce you to my manager." That, however, did not deter Miss Waldoff. On her own account, without an introduction, she went to see the manager. When he heard her voice, he saw in her an ideal representative of the name-part in "Hannele," which he proposed putting on, so he engaged her at a salary of thirty shillings a week, out of which she had to find her own dresses. There she remained for a year, after which she went to the Neue Schauspielhaus, in Berlin,

THE IPSWICH-LONDON RIDE AND THE IPSWICH GAOL ESCAPE.

MISS MABEL HACKNEY IN "THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF MARGARET CATCHPOLE," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.



1. and 3. IN THE GUISE (ACCORDING TO THE PLAY) IN WHICH SHE RODE FROM IPSWICH TO LONDON ON HER MASTER'S HORSE CROP: MARGARET CATCHPOLE AS A GROOM.

2. IN THE GUISE IN WHICH SHE ESCAPED FROM IPSWICH GAOL, SCALING A FORTY-FOOT WALL: MARGARET CATCHPOLE AS A SAILOR.

"The Life and Adventures of Margaret Catchpole," that remarkable servant girl who, to meet her smuggler lover, stole her master's horse and rode it from Ipswich to London in eight hours and a half, a feat for which she was sentenced to death, are being told in play form at the Duke of York's, Miss Mabel Hackney playing Margaret. It is interesting to note that in the "vivacious and spectacular drama" in question, Margaret makes her great ride disguised as a groom, and her escape from Ipswich Gaol, nearly three years after her first reprieve, in the guise of a sailor. In point of fact, "The Dictionary of National Biography" states she was dressed as a sailor when she rode from Ipswich. For the escape she was again sentenced to death, but eventually she was transported for life to Australia. She was born in 1773, and died, much respected, in 1841.—[Photographs by Hana.]

FORE !



LITTLE JIM (as the hen sprints, cackling, from the nest): Quick, muvver! Here's znuver egg a-hollerin'!

DRAWN BY HESKETH DAUBENY.



THE MISTRESS: And, Mary, we'll have that small piece of meat as well.
THE NEW MAID: Please'm, the cat's eat it.
THE MISTRESS: What cat?
THE NEW MAID (surprised): Oh, lawks! Ain't there a cat?

DRAWN BY HESKETH DAUBENY.



THE FIRST: Is that really you, Ethel? I should never have known you with those new shoes if it hadn't been for Diddums.

DRAWN BY REGINALD CARTER.



ERMYNTRUDE (unmoved by her would-be lover's doughty deeds): It ain't no use, Clarence. Me 'eart den't feel drawed towards yer.

DRAWN BY FRED HOLMES.

Terrors of the Tee: Golf Pests.



VI.—THE MAN WHO EVENTUALLY MISSES IT.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

ORIENTALISM AT OXFORD (MUSIC - HALL) :

"A NIGHT IN THE HAREM."



"THE HASHEESH FUMES INTOXICATE THE SLAVE TO A BACCHANTIC ECSTASY, IN WHICH SHE PERFORMS AN ORIENTAL DANCE."



THE PSYCHE-LOGICAL MOMENT: "AN ARABIAN WOMAN CLOTHES THE GIRL IN TURKISH SHAWLS."

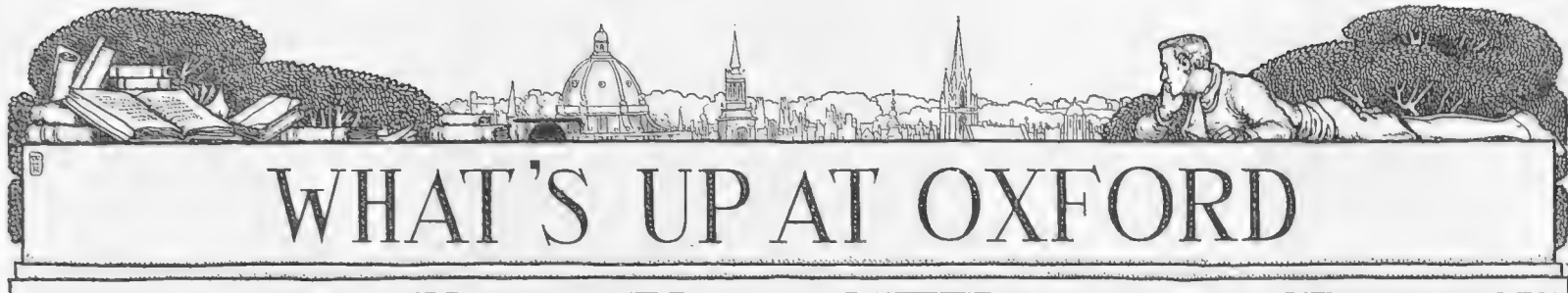
"The mistress enters [we quote the official description]. She reclines on the divan and orders her favourite dancer to appear. The hasheesh fumes intoxicate the slave to a bacchantic ecstasy, in which she performs an Oriental dance, which the lady closely follows through the smoke of her cigarette." Our illustrations are from Herr Retzbach's "fantastic Oriental scena," "A Night in the Harem," now being presented for the first time in this country at the Oxford, with Mlle. Lhus Adamara as She, Mr. Cecil Collins as He, and Miss M. Hope as the Dancer.—[Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield.]

AGAIN MORE THAN A SUSPICION: "KISMETISM," AT THE OXFORD.



"THE SHADOW OF AN EXQUISITE FEMALE FORM": "A NIGHT IN THE HAREM."

To quote the official description: "After the overture the music commences softly, the curtains open, showing a room in the Harem decorated in the Oriental style. . . . On the silken curtain bathed in sunshine closing the door which leads to the baths, appears the shadow of an exquisite female form; a second female slave emerges from the bath. An Arabian woman clothes the girl in Turkish shawls, whereupon the odalisque descends into the room." It will be remembered that, in describing in advance the Hammam Scene in "Kismet," a writer said: "It represents a bath-room in a harem with real water and something more than a suggestion of women disporting themselves in it." Even thus, minus the water, it would seem to be in "A Night in the Harem."—[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.]



WHAT'S UP AT OXFORD

By THE EDITOR OF THE "ISIS."

A Monoplane Over "Middle-Aged" Oxford.

You will unfailingly remember that Matthew Arnold, in a much-hackneyed phrase, has told us that Oxford is "still whispering from her towers the last enchantments of the Middle Age"; he also told us what we have never been allowed to forget by the leader-writers, that Oxford is the home of lost causes. What those mediæval towers must have been whispering to each other when Mr. Latham came flying over them in his monoplane I can only conjecture. The conversation was probably something like this: "Well, my dear, I never did, in all my days! To think that you and I, who have watched Wycliffe wandering through these streets, and the smoke rising from the martyr-pyre of Latimer; who have heard the clatter of Rupert's Cavaliers as they rode over Magdalen Bridge, and have had our poor old sides knocked about under Old Noll; that you and I should see this nasty little gnat a-buzzing over our heads! Preposterous, I call it!" Whatever the outraged feelings of our buildings may have been, it is an indubitable fact that Mr. Latham has flown to Oxford from Brooklands, and that he spent an afternoon giving an exhibition of his prowess in Port Meadow. Crowds turned out to watch him, and when his monoplane rose on its final journey at about five o'clock there must have been two or three thousand people there.

Eights Week. But by the time these lines appear in print Mr. Latham and his monoplane will have been forgotten, and we shall all be thrilling with the final spasms of Eights. It seems probable that the standard of rowing will not be up to the average this year; none of the crews have given any promise of exceptional powers, and some of them are in worse form than they have been for some years. But I do not know that that matters very much from the point of view of a successful Eights Week. The races will be there, the visitors will be there, and if the sun is there too, we shall not have much to complain of. For Eights Week is the week of invasion. Mothers and fathers, aunts, uncles, and cousins, brothers and sisters, and friends in general seize upon it as an excuse for swooping down upon us in all their glory. It is hardly decent in Eights Week to be without a relation; a third cousin, at the least, is almost essential to respectability. We trot them round the colleges, making up our history as we go along, and none of them are ever the wiser for our deception. We take them on the river in the afternoon, and get entangled with other people's punts, and we strive to look as if we always were tidy. And then, when it is all over, we mop our foreheads, change into an old coat, and put our shaving tackle away again for a

day or two. But it is all very jolly and all very English, and we all enjoy it very much. The fond relations tell us that they enjoy it, too; but I rather doubt it.

Cricket.

Campbell has been justifying his reputation by the extraordinarily fine innings he played against Kent; and Braddell's style, too, was a joy to behold. Altogether, we have every reason to congratulate ourselves upon our win against Kent—seven wickets was better than the most optimistic had prophesied. The acceptance of the challenge which was sent from Yale and Harvard has aroused considerable interest, and many eyes will be fixed upon Queen's Club on July 6. Provisional teams for the sports have been chosen, and training has begun. The fraternal contest will be a nice little post-script to the Arbitration Treaty.

The Union.

At the Union, we have been discussing many a well-worn topic; the Suffragists have had their turn, and the publicans and sinners have figured on the stage. We have refused to affix our consent to the Conciliation Bill, and have established our reputation for sobriety and good living by calling out for further restrictions upon the Licensed Trade. And our Eights Week debate has as its motto the threadbare tag which I mentioned earlier in these jottings; we are to be asked to resent the aspersion that Oxford ever has been, is now, or ever will be a home of lost causes; and, presumably, the visitors will be delighted to hear fine speeches upon nothing in the very best Oxford manner. The new Union buildings are extremely imposing and thoroughly in keeping with the older structure. The Library, in particular, is delightful, and has been imperatively necessitated by the constantly increasing numbers of books which demand space for their accommodation. Only one thing we lack, and that is a Union dining-room. The public room of the Clarendon Hotel, entered by a back stairway, is all that we are allowed at present; and I must confess that they have done these things better in Cambridge.

Mr. Martin Harvey.

Mr. Martin Harvey always secures full and enthusiastic houses when he visits Oxford; and this term has been no exception to the rule. There is a certain charm and distinction about his acting which makes him a very welcome visitor to the theatre. And yet I always think that of all living actors he calls the most loudly for parody. Even his little speech after the fall of the curtain was typical when, in his inimitable way, he thanked us for the kind reception we had given to his "simple little piece." Perhaps Mr. Pellissier will delight us some day with an impersonation.—G. ELLIOTT DODDS.



AS HE APPEARED TWENTY-TWO YEARS AGO IN THE PART HE HAS JUST BEEN PLAYING: "A. BOURCHIER, B.A., CHRIST CHURCH," AS BRUTUS IN THE O.U.D.S. PRODUCTION OF "JULIUS CÆSAR" IN 1889.

Now that Mr. Arthur Bourchier has been seen as Brutus in "Julius Cæsar" at His Majesty's, it is interesting to recall that he took the part more than twenty years ago when he was at Oxford and the leading spirit of the O.U.D.S. (Oxford University Dramatic Society). His name on that occasion appeared in the cast as "A. Bourchier, B.A., Christ Church," and it was his last appearance on the stage at Oxford. "Julius Cæsar" was put on at His Majesty's on the 22nd to run until the 31st.

Photograph by Hills and Saunders.

STARVED TO BE A SAINT; TO BE GILDED TO BE A GODDESS?



THE DANCER WHOSE FIGURE SUGGESTED A SAINT: Mlle. IDA RUBINSTEIN, WHOSE PHYSICAL QUALIFICATIONS FOR THE PART OF ST. SEBASTIAN INSPIRED D'ANNUNZIO.

Gabriele d'Annunzio's new mystery-play, "Le Martyre de Saint Sébastien," with incidental music by Claude Debussy, was produced at the Châtelet in Paris on Monday of last week. Writing in advance of the production, the "Times" said the other day: "St. Sebastian will be represented by the dancer Mlle. Ida Rubinstein, whose physical qualifications for the part are said by Signor D'Annunzio to have inspired his muse." At the same time the "Telegraph" stated that the poet had explained "that by his orders the lady has followed a strict diet for months, and has 'thinned down' so successfully that she has acquired a man's figure." "It is understood," continues the "Telegraph," "that the mere fact of Saint Sebastian being impersonated by a woman is what moved the Archbishop of Paris to warn all good Roman Catholics not to see the play." It may be added that Mlle. Ida Rubinstein is one of the Russian dancers who are to be seen at Covent Garden this season, and it is rumoured that in "Le Dieu Bleu," M. Reynaldo Hahn's new ballet, in which she will appear as a Hindu goddess, she will be entirely gilded, while M. Nijinsky, the god, will have his hands and legs dyed a bright blue.—[Photograph by Bert.]

Piquant: The Dreamer of Castles in Mayfair.



"DREAMS FULL OFT ARE FOUND OF REAL EVENTS THE FORMS AND SHADOWS"

FROM THE ETCHING BY H. DE SZANKOWSKI.

Pensive: The Dreamer of Castles in Spain.



"GRACE SHINES AROUND HER WITH SERENEST BEAMS, AND WHISPRING ANGELS PROMPT HER GOLDEN DREAMS."

FROM THE EICHHING BY B. DE SZANKOWSKI.

WHEN THE CHESTNUTS ARE IN BLOOM: IN ARCADY.



A CHILD OF THE SUN: A VISION FROM THE FIFTIES.

Photograph of Mlle. Rita Sacchetto by Granier.

THE ENTRANCING ETHEL: A PERI OF PINKY PERFECTION.



ON THE PLAGE AT FRIVILLE: A BEAUTY OF THE BEACH.

Photograph of Miss Blanche Stocker (as Ethel in "Peggy") by Foulsham and Banfield.

The Kiss Promising: Gloves Anticipated.

NOTHING VENTURE—

FROM THE DRAWING BY L. BARRIBAL.

The Kiss Profitable: Gloves Won.



NOTHING HAVE!

FROM THE DRAWING BY L. BARRIBAL.

WOULD IT WERE MISTLETOE! UNDER THE WISTERIA.



A BLOSSOM AMIDST THE BLOOMS: PHYLLIS THE FAIR.

Photograph of Miss Phyllis Monkman by Rita Martin.

COQUETTERIES: THE FASCINATIONS OF THE HAT.



IN order to show that woman is not alone in loving the eccentric hat, the compiler of this page has included in it certain fashionable creations for men. One's sympathies must go out to him, for who could resist the temptation to include amongst the feminine fancies such a headgear as that shown on

the left-hand side of the page (the second subject down), which is nothing less than a miniature "aviary" topped by a peacock? This hat might well be imitated when next fashionable woman wishes to sport a new freak fashion, more especially for matinée wear.

WOMAN'S CROWNING GLORY—HER HAT: EXAMPLES FROM MANY PLACES

The Two Ages of Woman: Shy Seven.

MOTHER'S JOY: IVY.

FROM THE DRAWING BY HELLEU.

The Two Ages of Woman: Sweet Seventeen.



BROTHER'S JOY: ROSIE.

FROM THE ETCHING BY SCHNIDER.

COQUETTERIES : THE FASCINATIONS OF BOOTS AND SHOES.



WEAR FOR THE LITTLE MICE: £500 SHOES COVERED WITH THE FEATHERS FROM HUMMING-BIRDS' BREASTS; AND OTHERS.!

Without doubt, the most remarkable form taken by the fashionable shoe is that represented by the shoe covered with feathers from the breasts of humming-birds which are sold at anything from £400 to £500 per pair. One of these is shown at the top left-hand corner of our page

COQUETTERIES: THE FASCINATIONS OF THE COIFFURE.



THE HEADDRESS AS ONE OF WOMAN'S WEAPONS.: STYLES FROM ALL QUARTERS OF THE GLOBE.

The Morning Star: 10.30 a.m.

IN MUFTI: BENT ON PLEASURE.

FROM THE ETCHING BY MAURICE MILLIÈRE.

The Evening Star : 10.30 p.m.



IN "UNIFORM": BENT ON BUSINESS.

FROM THE DRAWING BY A. G. MANTELET.

COQUETTERIES : THE FASCINATIONS OF THE "PATCH."



THE MARKS OF EVE: FACE-DECORATION IN MANY FORMS.

A "TIGHT" FIT.



THE BUSY CITY MAN (who has lost his latch-key): It's orl ri', p'liceman. Don' maksh noise. I don' wan' missish to know—I'm gettin' in through schullery window.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

TWO STORIES.

By RICHARD MARSH.

I.—HER STORY.

A MOST extraordinary thing happened—on Wednesday night. It was a lovely evening. Aunt was dozing, as, after dinner, she nearly always does, and I went out into the garden to get a breath of air. A hedge runs right round the garden, and at one place it is worn bare: that is, there is a sort of peep-hole, at just about my height, and if you stand close up to the hedge, there is just about room to put your face right through it and get a glimpse of the world beyond; not much of a glimpse, but—a glimpse. I often do look through this peep-hole—I call it the peep-hole; and that evening I did what I am accustomed to do—and it was while I was doing it that the extraordinary thing took place.

I had, as it were, my face framed in the hedge, and had been there three or four seconds and was beginning to think I could almost see something, when—something touched my lips. For a moment I could not think what it was. I stood quite still—and, before I knew what it was, someone kissed me. It was really little more than a butterfly kiss, but still, all the same, unmistakably, somebody kissed me.

You can conceive my feelings—at least, I doubt if you can actually conceive them, because they were simply chaotic, but at any rate you can try to conceive them. Of course I started back as if someone had shot me—I am sure I could not have started back more suddenly if someone had. I have read about people quivering all over—I never knew what it felt like till then. I never uttered a sound. Some people would have screamed, but I declare that I was as still as the grave. For one thing, I was frightened—I not only could not think who had done it, but who would have dared to place himself in a position which would enable him to do it—in Auntie's hedge. Then I did hear a sound; somebody was moving out of the hedge secretly, and then, on almost noiseless footsteps, someone moved away down the lane. And I—well, for a moment I did not know what to do, I really did not know what to do; then—I rushed into the house. I had really half a mind to tell Auntie, but I knew how a dreadful thing like that would upset her, so, for her sake, I held my tongue; but when I got into my bedroom no one can imagine how it haunted me. I woke up in the night thinking I heard things—it was just as though someone was tapping at one of the windows, and I almost got up to see who it was. Then it stopped, and I suppose I must have gone to sleep again, for the very next thing I can remember was Jane coming into the room with my morning cup of tea.

The following evening I went out into the garden again, just about the same time. I had been reading a book of Auntie's, which tells about the tricks which the imagination does play one, and I nearly convinced myself that it was a trick which my imagination had played me the night before—it is amazing, according to the writer of that book, what one can imagine; so I went back to the peep-hole, so that I might have some clear idea of how it was that my imagination had succeeded in tricking me. I put my face through, and had not been there two seconds, when, well—I do not know how to write it, but it all happened again, just exactly as it had happened the night before. Something touched my lips, with a gossamer touch; before I had a chance of realising what it was, the touch became more marked—became positive pressure—and I had been kissed again.

Now try to conceive my feelings! Could anything be—more inconceivable, more—more—altogether unthinkable! You should have seen me jump—only it was so dark that I don't suppose you could have seen me, even if you had been there. That could not have been imagination—it simply could not have been, because I positively declare that that was more unmistakably a kiss even than the night before. Still, I grant, a butterfly kiss, but—with distinctly less of the butterfly about it than on the first occasion. There must have been someone in the hedge when I came out of the house, waiting—I could not guess whom he was waiting for, but I do flatter myself that it certainly could not have been for me. Was I to make a scene?—to scream?—to exclaim?—to ask him who he was, and how he dared? If I had done anything of the kind it might have involved all sorts of explanations—and then where would my dignity have been? No, I have my own notions of how a young girl ought to behave; I was true to my own standard, and I never made a sound.

Exactly the same thing occurred as on the Wednesday—there were movements, secretive movements, in the hedge; then, on nearly noiseless footsteps, someone went down the lane. I very

nearly did tell Auntie—but consider what the result would have been. She would have fussed herself into a headache, she would never have slept a wink all night, she would have published it abroad that I had been kissed, by some unknown person, twice, through a hedge; she would almost certainly have told Burrows, our policeman, and ordered him to catch the wretch. Just try to imagine the position I should have been in if Burrows had caught him!

I decided that wild horses should not make me tell Auntie, if I could help it; but talk about being haunted—the way in which I was haunted on the Wednesday was nothing compared to the way in which I was haunted when I was alone in my bedroom on the Thursday. I keep looking at myself in the glass—I had a most curious feeling that something had happened to my lips; and, of course, something had, but not, thank goodness! the indescribable something with which I was haunted. And again that night I awoke to hear the same mysterious sounds—I was nearly sure I heard them. I was on the very point of getting out of bed—when they ceased, just as they had done the night before; and then, of course, I fell asleep again—and then Jane came in.

I read pages and pages of that book of Auntie's, and the author did tell such wonderful tales about the tricks which the imagination does play people—that it all but persuaded me again. So, after dinner, as soon as Auntie slipped off into her doze, I went out into the garden once more, firmly resolved that this time I would make quite sure what power my imagination had on me. I simply could not rest if I had the least reason to suppose that I was the kind of person who imagines things happen when they don't. So the first thing I did was to march straight down to the gate, open it, go through, and look up and down the lane. I admit that it was not very light, because there was no moon, but it was lighter than the night before; there were heaps of stars, and you could see for quite a distance both up and down, and I am absolutely certain there was not a soul in sight. If there had been—well, I should have asked him who he was, and also what he was doing there: that at the very least. As I saw that there was no one there, I went back into the garden, shut the gate, and walked along the hedge—until I came to the peep-hole. . . . No one can call me, at any time, a person who stamps; I am convinced that never in my life have I walked more lightly than I did then: my feet might really have been shod with velvet for all the noise they made; and I held my skirts tight, well up, so that they should not rustle. So I am prepared absolutely to assert that I do not believe that anyone could have heard me coming.

So, as I have said, I got to the peep-hole—and I stood quite still. I scarcely even breathed; but I listened—oh, how I did listen! And I never heard a sound; I put my ear quite close to the hedge, and I heard no one breathing. So then—well, then, I looked through the peep-hole (of course, to do that I had to put my face into the usual position, or how could I have looked?) and—well, you may believe me or you may not, but I had not been there one second, when precisely the same thing happened. It really does seem incredible; now I look back at it in cold blood, I find it difficult to believe myself that my imagination was not playing me one of the pranks which it does play people; but whatever I may feel about it now, I was perfectly certain then that imagination had not the least to do with it. There came the gossamer touch, and—I am absolutely convinced that a kiss did follow—that touch was only the first part of it. Because you see, on my part, my action was in the nature of a test; one often has to test things, and I was wanting to make sure where imagination began and where it ended. Probably it was because of my anxiety to make the test as complete as possible that I stayed still as long as I really could, and that on that account the—well, the kiss was much more of a kiss than on either of the previous occasions. It was—well, it was a positive osculation; and I know what osculation means, I do hope. Don't let anyone tell me—the author of Auntie's book or anyone else—that that was imagination, because I know better.

I trust that I need not repeat that, when I sprang back from the hedge, and, in a sense, all was over, my feelings were of a kind which it is perfectly impossible to describe in words. There were the movements in the hedge, the footsteps down the lane, and—I was alone. Alone with what? With a memory—a memory of such a kind! Never, never, after dusk, will I again approach that

[Continued overleaf.]

BY JEAN DE RESZKE FILS: EDVINA SKETCHED.



A PRIMA-DONNA FROM THE PEERAGE: MME. EDVINA (THE HON. MRS. CECIL EDWARDES, SISTER-IN-LAW OF LORD KENSINGTON).

The Hon. Mrs. Cecil Edwardes, who, as Mme. Edvina, has won quite a number of triumphs on the operatic stage, is a British Columbian, and a sister-in-law of Lord Kensington. She studied under Jean de Reszke, a fact which lends especial interest to this drawing of her by Jean de Reszke fils. Her appearances at Covent Garden this season have added to her reputation, notably her rendering of Louise.—[Photograph by Record Press.]

peep-hole; to that decision I had arrived before I had re-entered the house; and in my bedroom I endorsed it.

I confess that, in a certain sense, I should have been willing to tear away the veil of mystery; I admitted as much to myself as I was undressing. The position was so—so uneven. The guilty wretch knew whom he had kissed; there would hardly be a shadow of doubt he knew it; but I, the victim, had not the faintest notion who had kissed me. It was, when you came to view it calmly, for me a very dreadful, a very painful, and, above all, a very delicate position. I might meet him face to face and talk to him perhaps for hours, and not even suspect. I might wonder what he was looking at me like that for; but, with that in my mind, how could I—well, I certainly could not ask him. It was too terrible to think of—that I should always be meeting men and not know which of them it was.

I decided that I would tell Auntie the first thing in the morning, and I would do my very best to try to get her to understand that I meant what I said—that it was high time that I should take her away somewhere for a holiday, and if I did succeed in getting her away, I would keep her away as long as ever I could.

It might have been—when you came to look at it quite calmly, it might have been—any one of quite a dozen, some of them quite old, some of them quite young, some of them nice, and some of them horrid, and—that was what made the uncertainty such a terrible thing.

II.—HIS.

This is a rum world, this is—a regular rum world. You don't know yourself, not really, not even when you get to my time of life. Who would have thought I would have thrown away a job for a thing like that? As nice and neat and paying a job as ever I had the chance of—just the kind of job I always have a leaning for. A pretty, old-fashioned country cottage, with no shutters to speak of, and no window fastenings neither, and no electric light. I tell you what it is, electric light has spoilt our business. If a man has not got even to strike a match, but only to touch a button, to let the daylight in, where are you—in my profession? Here was a house without any of your modern inconveniences, standing in its own ground, up a lane which no one ever came along, the nearest other house a good half-mile away, and not a man about the place—leastways, nothing that could be called a man. Only occupants of the house, two ladies, an old and a young one, and three maids—country maids, the good old-fashioned sort, faithful but no intelligence. Stable, about two hundred yards off, with a party sleeping over it what calls himself a coachman, but what I should call a fossil: about sixty, goodness knows what weight—I shouldn't have liked to have to lift him—hard of hearing when awake, and sleeping so sound that even dynamite would not rouse him.

If that is not the sort of place to tempt a gentleman what has to make an honest living cracking cribs, I should like to know what is. And when you have been made aware that there are quite a nice lot of things always left lying about the place, good old silver of all sorts, to say nothing of the old lady's jewels, which are kept in a box on the chest of drawers in her room—with a handle to it to help you carry it off; and when you happen to have ascertained that the old lady likes to keep a bit of money in the house, in case it is wanted—when you have put all these things together, would not a man in my position have a sort of feeling that this was a case in which Providence helps those who help themselves—and the quicker he is about it the better it will be?

I had that feeling—oh, yes, I had it strong—it got a powerful hold of me. I'm a workman, I am, and I do things like a workman—no one could have taken more trouble over readying that crib than I did; and I was pretty pushed at the time—mind that. And when I learnt that a hundred golden sovereigns had been brought from the bank that day for the old lady to do something special with, I said to myself, "Toff Simpson, this is the night for you." And it was—no moon, a dark night, though fine.

I suppose it was something after nine when I got to my place in the hedge. I knew the lay of the ground. There was a hedge going all round the garden; there was a place on the side of the lane which had worn quite bare, as even well-kept hedges sometimes will do, so as to form a sort of bay, in which a man who was not over-tall nor over-big could stow himself quite snugly without, if it was at all darkish, being seen by anyone who might be passing by. I was inside that hedge at about the time I mentioned, waiting. They kept early hours at the house: lights were out at ten, in the good old-fashioned way; then everyone to bed, and to sleep, in the dear old-fashioned way—I knew all about it. After they were asleep was my time. I put it like this: ten to bed, half-past asleep, a quarter to eleven—me. I was looking at my watch, and was just thinking it would soon be time for some of them in the house to get a move on them when—a face came through the hole in the hedge through which I had been spying, within a couple of inches of where I was.

You might have knocked me silly. I had no notion there was anyone about, not a sound had I heard; I thought there was no one out there but the hedge and me—and then for that face to come quite close to me like that! It was darkish, but for all that I could see it was a girl's face. I've got cat's eyes, I have: see almost as well in the dark as in the light (chaps in my line have to), and, what's more, I could see it was a pretty face—as pretty a face as I have seen on a girl since I don't know when—and a lady's, mind you!

That's my one weakness—the ladies. If a pretty girl treats me properly she can twist me round her finger; I always was like that, and always shall be. A bit of skirt is more dangerous to me than any number of policemen—oh, yes; and don't I know it!

That time I must have been—I don't like to say stark mad when a lady was concerned, but I really must have been some funny kind of fool. I don't know what took me—not to this moment I don't. I knew it still less then—I own it, straight and honest; but directly that face came through the hedge, as I have said, quite close to mine, a sort of feeling came over me, all in a moment (mind you, I might have been hypnotised: I couldn't have had less control over myself if I had been), and what do you think I did? Kissed her—kissed the girl who put her face through the hedge.

That was a rummy go. I did not mean to do it even when I did it. I just—I want to describe exactly what happened, so no laughing—I just leaned forward (I only had to move, really), and there was my lips against hers. I have kissed girls, more than once, and more than twice; but I never—no, never—felt anything like the feeling the touch of that girl's lips sent through me: tell you I was all of a flutter from head to foot. Then I just, as it were, pushed my lips a little more home, and—she was gone; and of course I was done—done to the wide! But my sensations, as I heard a chap say to his girl the other day, my sensations, they were "topping"—although I got out of the hedge as fast as ever I could and hopped it down the lane.

I did not care—not if, as I quite expected she would do, she went straight into the house and raised Cain, yet I did not care. Anyone can smile who likes, but at that moment I would not have exchanged the kiss for the crib: there are other cribs, but for me there will never be another kiss like that, not if I live to be ninety.

She never made a fuss—that was a girl, that was; if she had, someone would have come out of the house, and I should have known it; but I hung about at the bend of the lane for quite a time, and no one came. I am free to admit that after a goodish while I did begin to say to myself that, after all, I was there for business and not for pleasure; and for me to throw away a first-class job for—a thing like that—it was too silly. So, about midnight, back I went, across the garden, to the spot by which I had arranged to enter, and I was almost in, when, if you'll believe me, I chucked the whole thing, and took myself clean away.

Next morning you can imagine I said a thing or two—to myself. Coin was getting short. If more was not found soon there would be no more playing the gentleman for me. I could have kicked myself, I really could, when I thought of what kind of an ass I had made of myself the night before. There was one little consolation: the crib was still there; one night was as good as any other night; so I said to myself I would do that night what I ought to have done the night before. No more silly sentiment for me—not ever again.

I was like that all day—down on women, no use for them; pernicious interferers, I felt they were, with a man's chances of improving his position in life. And I was like it that night, as I strolled along the lane, past the hedge, to the little open place. Then—it is a most remarkable thing how a man can feel what he never meant to feel—I had not been inside that hedge thirty seconds before I was feeling what you might call all over the shop. Business was going out of my head, really it was. I said to myself that it should not go, but it did. I had got my eyes fixed on that little round place where the face had been, and I could not get them off it—not spying through it like a business man ought to have been doing, but actually waiting for I really should be ashamed to say what. Hoping for it, too, longing for it, hardly daring to breathe for fear the noise I made should keep it away. I had not been there two minutes before I was saying to myself that rather than that face should not come again I would lose a thousand pounds—if I had had them to lose, mind, which at that moment I was very far from having.

And I was keeping on saying it when the face did come—now what does anyone say to that? Just in the same mysterious way it came the night before—without warning, without a sound, without anything leading me to suppose it was within a hundred miles—all inside half a quarter of an instant. Talk about me being done with sentiment!—my word, you should have seen me and felt like I did. You have heard tell of poetry—I was all poetry then, soft and silly and hot all over. That face coming through the hole in the hedge had lifted me from earth up to heaven—and if that's not poetry, I don't know what is. I couldn't—I could not let it stop there, and nothing happen, not a single blessed second. It might be gone before—and if it did—my word! I was going to take no chances. There were lips to lips before you had time to wink your eye—and oh, the feeling of hers to mine! It was—I do not care who is laughing—I say it was rapture. I just pressed home—nicely home, well home. Then she was gone; which was just as well, because if she had stayed, I believe I should have gone at the knees all on account of something which the touch of her lips had put inside me.

And out of the hedge I went, and down the lane, feeling as I never should have felt if I had earned a thousand pounds. There was something going on inside me which made me feel more satisfied with myself than if I had been drunk for a week. I thought that perhaps that time she would have told the tale, and would have roused the house; but no, I do not believe she dropped so much as a hint to anyone. She was, as the poem says, "my fancy's queen," a real tip-topper.

[Continued on page xxiv.]

FRIVOLITIES

OF PHRYNETTE

By MARTHE TROLY - CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London."

IT is *chic* to be a fly, to dance for a day in a ray of sun, to look down on humanity from the ceiling, and die in the warmest corner of the window-pane—*sans* medicine, *sans* doctor, and *sans* nurse. Not that my doctor and my nurses are not perfect dears; but still, I feel a great deal sorry for myself for needing them at all, and I envy that fortunate fly with all the strength that's left me after battling with the fumes of the chloroform.

I wonder whether that fly is quite dead. It has been rubbing its little paws together in a sort of final ecstasy, and now it does not move any more. Simple life is good—but simple death is infinitely better. They may have to operate on me again in a few months. I believe the fly is quite dead, but I haven't the energy to lift my finger and touch it—its two little hind-legs stick out stiffly, like the stalks of a black-currant. Isn't it beautifully easy to die like that? She laid her eggs, she fulfilled her purpose (whatever it was), and—*voilà!* And I have never done anything except making people like me; but that can't be my purpose—it does not seem important enough.



FROM A PAINTING AT MILAN: ST. SEBASTIAN.

No one is allowed to come and see me before five, and I daresay my hair will still be damp and unsightly by then. And I don't know what to do until someone comes. I haven't pain enough to prefer being alone, and I have finished my book.

The book was not a novel—no book is nowadays. It was a sort of biography of the authoress's friends—those she disliked best—and I was angry because she had been trying to pull my leg, as you English say; and not particularly my leg, but anyone's who reads her book, unless there is some secret understanding between English writers and their readers by which the latter know exactly what discount to take off the stuff. Well, I don't. It is an awfully smart book, so much so that you must read every sentence twice over before smiling, and every character is true to—fiction.

I am sure I have been introduced to some of them in London before, only I am too charitable to believe it quite. But the lovers! *Mon Dieu*, the lovers! I appeal to all the real lovers (there must be some in England): why don't they rise in couples and protest against the English novelist and the English playwright? They are being made fools of between covers and on the boards. By lovers I don't mean engaged couples—those I leave to the future and their own common-sense; I mean people who love when it would be more comfortable not to. These the English novelist leads on with a sort of indecent perversity. He grants them some good points, of course; for instance, the men are always handsome, with "close-cropped hair and clear-cut features," and the women have "wonderfully grey or green" eyes, for preference, but that's all. Apart from this, they are the most unsatisfying lovers that ever were

printed. They are filled with sawdust, but the wax they are apparently made of never melts when they are brought close to the fire.

I know a few women *sans cœur et sans reproche*, and of these, of course, one can believe nothing; but the English heroine of fiction is supposed to have a heart—that's why she is so puzzling. I'll tell you what—she and her lover invariably lack immoral courage. It is meant to make them sympathetic to the English reader, but it doesn't—at least I trust it does not; to me it makes them exasperating. They are never guilty of anything but indiscretion; they play with fire during sixty chapters or the first two acts, but something happens in the end which saves them from each other. They have not even merit in it—they never *will* the renunciation; it's always brought about accidentally. Thus, if a certain man's uncertain wife has decided to run away with some other man, there is bound to be a smash at Clapham Junction, and she is brought back to a good man's home. It never



FROM A PAINTING AT THE LOUVRE: ST. SEBASTIAN.

THE SAINT FOR WHOM Mlle. IDA RUBINSTEIN IS SAID TO HAVE "THINNED DOWN": FAMOUS PICTURES OF ST. SEBASTIAN.

As we note elsewhere, M. d'Annunzio stated recently that, persuaded by himself, the celebrated dancer, Mlle. Ida Rubinstein, had dieted specially that she might thin down to attain a man's figure and so be perfectly fitted to play the part of St. Sebastian in his "Le Martyre de St. Sébastien."

occurs to her to wait for the next train. She is too much of a wavering, inconsequent creature. I am not sure she does not call the smash providential. Besides, her would-be lover is generally killed there and then; he was never really alive, in my opinion. If there is no smash she suddenly remembers she has left her four children behind her, and he and she say good-bye at Dover. For that is another peculiarity of the English lovers of fiction—their fitful memory: they never fail to remember what they ought never to have forgotten at moments where normal people remember nothing but themselves. Curious, very! Yet it is much easier to decline an invitation to tea in the studio

of the man you love than to discuss Post-Impressionism once you are there. They are patient and irresolute, are English lovers, and wonderfully considerate for everybody else but themselves; and they never know each other's mind, which should be the ABC of love-making. Love is the only thing in which English people are not thorough—so we all believe, except English Judges in the Divorce Court, hotel chambermaids, and I. There are no such things as liaisons, according to the Censor and the public libraries; there are only twisted, battered, and misunderstood friendships between unwise men and women, and long-drawn-out flirtations which may lead to unpleasant complications—and also to books and plays.

Please note that I do believe in goodness; but what I don't believe in is deviating from the wrong path, or measuring carefully just how far you may go in it, so as not to be cut by society.

"Who is it, nurse? My husband? Oh, yes, yes. Bring him in; and you may take this book away."



THE MARTYRDOM OF ST. SEBASTIAN.

SHADES OF MRS. HARRIS!



FARMER WURZLE (at the "Zoo," and not to be taken in): It's puffickly absurd—there ain't such a animal!

DRAWN BY WILL OWEN.



ON THE LINKS

By HENRY LEACH.

The Amateur Championship.

By the middle of this week they will be half-way through the Amateur Golf Championship tournament at Prestwick, on the Ayrshire coast, where twenty-two open and four amateur championships have been decided in other years. Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday are always regarded as the great weeding-out days in the championship week, and by the evening of the third of them the long list of competitors with which the championship is begun — there are 146 of them this year — is reduced to eight, and the tournament takes a compact and intelligible shape. Until this stage is reached it always seems to be a mixed-up kind of business. This system of ours by which the competition is decided by match-play the whole way through is far from being ideal, and they certainly arrange these things better in America, where they have a preliminary stroke competition, by which a certain limited number of the players qualify to go forward, and all the matches thereafter are over thirty-six holes instead of eighteen, as is the case in all the rounds of our championship except the final. By this means the test of the qualities of the players is certainly better and more thorough, and the meeting progresses in a more even and satisfactory way.

On Ways of Winning.

So, during the next few days, we shall be hearing much of the way in which championships are and ought to be won. The obvious advice is to get a hole or two the better of your opponent in each match as soon as possible, and retain the advantage to the end. But it has been found that certain circumstances are common to the victories of various championships in the past, and the existence of such circumstances and dispositions may therefore seem to tend a little towards success. Players who are very brilliant for some while before the meeting begins do not frequently succeed afterwards. Save in the case of such golfing machines as James Braid, form at this game is a very variable and unstable thing. What is here to-day is gone to-morrow; the man who steps upstairs to bed one night in the possession of his very best game, and, despite many disappointments in the past, thinks he has now at last got a firm grip on it for ever, finds out when he is playing the first few holes in the morning that it has all mysteriously disappeared in the darkness of the night. This alternating process constantly going on, then, it is a little likely that the men who are brilliant in advance will get stale too soon; and, on the other hand, provided a man has the real stuff in him and does know how to play, he may reasonably and with some

confidence hope, if he is off his game a week or two before the championship, that he will be back on to it at the right time. This may not sound like common-sense, but it is golfing sense. Some striking illustrations of these arguments may be taken from the very last championship. Captain Hutchison had been a warm favourite, but was undoubtedly played out and stale before the championship began at Hoylake, and he was unexpectedly defeated in the middle of the tournament. On the other hand, Mr. John Ball had not been playing well previously, and in the international match on the Saturday before the championship began he was soundly beaten by Mr. Maxwell. But after that he began to get better and better all the time, and towards the end of championship week he was quite irresistible.



THE TRACK WHICH SEEMS TO TEMPT THE GOLFER TO PLAY OUT OF BOUNDS: THE RAILWAY LINE BY THE PRESTWICK LINKS.

The railway line on the Prestwick links seems to be a great temptation to many golfers, who, try as they will, find it practically impossible not to play over it and so out of bounds. It has been said that, although the course is such that low scoring is very possible in good weather, a stiff breeze makes it very difficult.

a man may be in high feather and very confident, but so much confidence is not nearly so valuable as plenty of successful seventeenth-hole experience. The man who has never had to play the seventeenth and eighteenth holes until he gets into the fifth and sixth rounds will not like them very much when he comes to them at last and realises that he is being worried more than ever before. The man to pay attention to in a championship is he who has not been much advertised in previous weeks, but who keeps on "getting home" nicely and comfortably with little to spare, but quite enough. Such a man is brought to the

Certain Players.

Then, I do not expect too much in a tight game in which the opposition is the best from a man who has been winning his previous matches very easily. Such a man may be in high feather and very confident, but so much confidence is not nearly so valuable as plenty of successful seventeenth-hole experience. The man who has never had to play the seventeenth and eighteenth holes until he gets into the fifth and sixth rounds will not like them very much when he comes to them at last and realises that he is being worried more than ever before. The man to pay attention to in a championship is he who has not been much advertised in previous weeks, but who keeps on "getting home" nicely and comfortably with little to spare, but quite enough. Such a man is brought to the right frame of mind for playing the semi-finals and finals, and, after all, winning the championship is chiefly a matter of inspiration and imagination and temperament, temperament, temperament. It is at least as difficult to make any satisfactory sort of guess this year as to the probable winner as ever before. Mr. Ball is being spoken of again, but can he really go on for ever? Much interest attaches to the candidature of Mr. Charles Evans of Chicago (where they call him "Chick"); but, although he has the reputation for playing a high-class game in America, especially with his iron clubs, he is largely an unknown quantity here. It is much to be regretted that Mr. Robert Maxwell



THE SCENE OF THE TWENTY-SIXTH AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP: PRESTWICK LINKS — THE SECOND GREEN.

The twenty-sixth Amateur Golf Championship was set down to begin at the Prestwick Club, Ayrshire, on Monday. The entries, 146, are 14 less than last year. The fall is accounted for by the rule that the player, who must enter through his secretary, must be either scratch or better on the handicap.

Photographs by M. Dixon and Co.

has adhered to his determination not to play. There is a warm place for "oor Bobby" in Scottish golfing hearts, and his big swinging figure will be missed from the Prestwick links. But most of the other old warriors are there, including a little group of perpetuals who have played in the tournament since it was first established in 1886—which is a wonderful thing.



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

IN a country where he is best known through fiercely visaged photographs, the Kaiser's urbane and smiling presence is, perhaps, the most prevailing impression in London that he has left behind. Always at home, and often abroad, he is more than urbane; he is positively merry. Wherever he goes he has the added fun of dispelling wrong notions about himself, and sometimes he dispels them with such gusto that the breath of onlookers is taken away. He fairly took away the breath of the King of Italy, for instance. The method, according to the small group of intimate friends who witnessed the Imperial prank, was simple enough. The ribs of Italy were tickled, unbearably tickled; Italy gasped and quaked, and was doubled up in painful laughter. No wonder, then, that the Kaiser's splendid

but never forgets she is the Kaiser's daughter," is his own witty summing-up of her manner towards him and the world.

The Critic on the Hearth.

Everybody, of course, criticises the German Emperor, and while he

is especially easy game for those who know nothing about him, he does not escape the attentions of his own circle. The Princess scolds him; and her brother, if we may believe (and probably we may not) a story lately come from India, is also ready with the conventional jibe. He was sitting out a dance with a partner under a particularly brilliant nocturnal sky. "I do not know that star," the girl observed; "it must be a new one." "Yes," answered the Crown Prince, "it is probably some decoration recently conferred upon the heavens by my father." Coventry Patmore's four satiric lines on the intimacy between the first Emperor William and the Deity are still remembered; but has the critical and



ENGAGED TO MR. HUGH GURNEY: MISS MARIOTA CARNEGIE.

Miss Carnegie is the eldest child of the Hon. Lancelot D. Carnegie, Councillor of the British Embassy in Paris. Mr. Hugh Gurney is a Second Secretary at the same Embassy.

Photograph by Ketivah Collings.

spirits, his courage in "forgetting himself," his bland good-humour, make him a particularly welcome guest in Europe's royal palaces.

The Kaiser at Home.

The truth—the often unsuspected truth—is that ever since Bishop Wilberforce observed the infant Prussian Prince who is now the German Emperor beating the bare legs of his kilted uncles at the wedding of King Edward, the Kaiser has been on terms of robust, and even rollicking, cordiality with his contemporary or younger relatives. He is, so to say, the family jester; and his humour, even in the most immune circles, is infectious. "What can one do with such a father?" was the laughing appeal of the Princess who accompanied her parents to Marlborough House and looked on with the demureness of latter-day youth at one of his particularly jovial sallies. She herself is young enough to take her station very seriously when she is under the eye of strangers, but her father she openly treats as her best friend, and one whom she has the right to scold upon occasion. "She sometimes forgets her father is the Kaiser,



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN THE HON. WALTER TREFUSIS: MISS MARJORIE GRAHAM.

Miss Graham's father, Sir Henry John Lowndes Graham, has been Clerk of the Parliaments since 1885, in which year he gave up the position of a Master in Lunacy. He has been married twice—in 1869 to Edith Elizabeth, daughter of the first Earl Cranbrook, who died in 1875; in 1884 to Lady Margaret Georgiana Compton, daughter of the fourth Marquess of Northampton. Captain the Hon. Walter Trefusis is a half-brother of Baron Clinton.—[Photograph by Lallie Charles.]



ENGAGED TO LIEUTENANT C. B. PRICKETT, R.N.: MISS GWGLADYS KERR CLARK.

Miss Kerr Clark is the youngest daughter of the late Mr. John Kerr Clark and of Mrs. Kerr Clark, of 14, Hans Crescent. Lieutenant Prickett, of H.M.S. "Challenger," is the only son of Captain Prickett, R.N., of Browston Hall, Suffolk.

Photograph by Val d'Estrange.



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN NORMAN ORR-EWING: MISS LAURA ROBERTS.

Miss Roberts is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Roberts, of Tile House, Bucks. Captain Orr-Ewing, Adjutant of the Scots Guards, is the elder son of Sir Archibald Orr-Ewing, Bt.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

sceptical spirit crept at last into the royal household itself? If it has, the wireless messages between Potsdam and Paradise may be oftener withheld from publication.

Out of Town.

Lord Howard de Walden has decided to wear his mourning in the country. In his present mood the pageant of summer seems better to him than a pageant in South London, and he has doffed the armour that the pageant-master made him wear, and cast aside the frock-coat that Piccadilly still half expects of those who walk its flagstones. Even Oxford Street has no more thrills for him; the curtain has been rung down on the Holles Street drama. Lord Howard de Walden is cleverer than most people at giving up things: he has practically given up Newmarket; he has given up the season; in going to his island on the south-west coast of Inverness-shire he gives up Audley End, of which James I. said, "It is too much for a King, though it might do very well for a Lord Treasurer." It is stated that Lord Howard de Walden will not return to London at all this season, but this, perhaps, may exaggerate his ardour for seclusion.



THE WHEEL AND THE WING

The New Adler. From time to time I have dealt with the salient points of the Adler cars, which are sold in this country by Messrs. Morgan and Co., of 10, Old Bond Street, and Long Acre, W.C.; but in the space usually at my disposal it has been impossible to deal with these much-approved cars to the full extent of their merits. I notice now that the latest Adler introduction—the 15-h.p. four-cylinder and four-speed-gear-boxed car—is most fully dealt with and most interestingly illustrated by drawings in the *Autocar* of May 20 last. If my readers will refer to this description, they will find that the latest Adler has its cylinders cast in pairs, and very generously water-jacketed. The motor-unit system is employed—that is to say, the crank-chamber, fly-wheel and clutch-casing, gear-box, and brake-casing are all bolted up together in one unit, to ensure the various shafts being in absolute line. The cylinders are 85 mm. in bore and 115 mm. in stroke, while particular and especial care has been given to the lubrication of the engine. A duplex-toothed-wheel pump, driven off the cam-shaft, draws oil from a filter sump, and as to one pump forces the oil under pressure to the crank-shaft bearings, whence it issues to oil-thrower rings, by which it is most effectually served to the big-end bearing.

Many Refinements in Design.

From the big-end bearings the oil is thrown by centrifugal force to all the remaining organs of the engine requiring lubrication. The second and higher and smaller pump delivers oil to the sight-feed on the dashboard, and thence by a pipe-lead to the universal joint of the propeller-shaft and the propeller-shaft casing. This oil can be delivered from the dashboard at will—a method of oiling the universal joint far in advance of the usual grease-packing, which may or may not reach the vital points. Moreover, its renewal is frequently forgotten until the pins are badly worn and require replacing. The carburetter (which, I am glad to notice, has an adjustable automatic air-valve) is a miracle of accessibility, as is, indeed, the leather-faced cone clutch, which, by slacking off a few studs, can be withdrawn solus from the unit. Then the best modern opinion has been complied with in the provision of a four-speed gear-box—an example which might be followed with advantage in certain leading native cars of similar dimensions. There is no stint in width and diameter in the gear-wheels, and the manner in which the foot-brake is wholly enclosed is entirely praiseworthy. But for the exigencies of space, I should like to draw attention to two or three fine points of design in the back axle, but I feel I have said enough to whet my readers' appetite for fuller information.

Quelle Différence! Disasters connected with or provoked by aviation appear to-day to exert less shocking effect upon the public at large than did parallel mishaps occurring in the early days of automobilism. Has the world grown more callous, or does the public recognise that both in money and

blood progress must take toll? In reading of the resumption of the Paris-Madrid aeroplane race upon the morning after the French Minister of War had met so shocking and so sudden an end from Train's propeller, and the Premier of France had been injured, it might have been fatally, in the same way, my thoughts travelled back to another Paris-Madrid race, this time concerning motor-cars, in the first stage of which, not Cabinet Ministers, but the drivers of two competing vehicles met a regrettable and sudden end. Instantly, not only France, but Spain, and the motorphobists of this country, were up in arms. The continuation of the race over the French frontier was rigidly forbidden by two Governments, and the entire Press of a Continent howled in execration of this death-dealing sport. And now, eight years later, we kill one Minister, nearly kill another, and the race goes on!

Stringent Regulations Necessary.

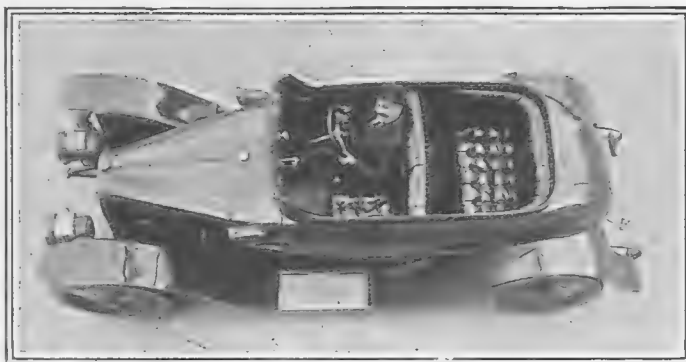
It will always be deeply regretted by aviators that M. Berteaux met so terrible an end. But out of much evil some good should come, and if the late catastrophe at Issy-les-Moulineaux results in stringent regulations against the presence of the public on the flying ground, and the passage of the aviators over the heads of the spectators, as so often happens at Brooklands and elsewhere, the sad incident will not be without fruit. Upon more than one of our home aerodromes, I have seen several of our well-known aviators swoop and rise, and swoop and rise again, right over the heads of the spectators, and this I think the Aero Club and the administrations of the flying-grounds should at once condemn and forbid. An aviator should not pass out of the flying-area until he is a certain height above the ground, and then should not indulge in the monkey tricks above mentioned.

Bibendum Deals with the Peninsula.

Spain and Portugal, little-toured countries though they are, have not escaped the attentions of Bibendum. The Michelin Guide to the Peninsula, though hardly so bulky as its predecessors dealing with France and Great Britain, will nevertheless suffice any motorist who dares the roads of those countries. The usual and useful Michelin pabulum occurs in Part I., but in Part II. are found a Programme of Visits, which touches Andalusia, Old Castile, Estremadura, New Castile, Murcia, Valencia, Aragon, Catalonia, and the shores of the Mediterranean. Eight-day trips are given in the Basque Provinces, along the coast of the Cantabrico Sea, in Galicia, the Balearic Islands, and fifteen days in

Portugal. No fewer than ninety-six detailed itineraries are given, in which is found for the first time reliable information as to the condition of the roads. In consulting the guide with regard to hotel tariffs in Portugal, the tourist should not take fright at finding that a bedroom for one person only will, at a second-class hotel, cost him from 2500 to 3500 reis. Before crying off Portugal, he should inquire what manner of coins are reis.

[Continued on a later page.]



SHAPED AFTER THE SUBMARINE: THE LATEST FORM OF BODY. Cars with this new body, which is described as of the submarine type, have just been put on the market by the Grégoire firm.

Photograph by Meurisse.



LIKE A GIGANTIC CARPET-SWEEPER: A REMARKABLE MOTOR-DRIVEN STREET-CLEANER IN NEW YORK.

The description of this device tells us that "the machine does the work of over twenty men, and sweeps, washes, and cleans the road in a very thorough manner, removing the refuse at the same time. It is a motor-propelled vehicle, and is one of the very latest phases of the utility of the motor-driven 'service' wagon."

Photograph by National News Association.



CRACKS OF THE WHIP

By CAPTAIN COE.

The Derby Favourite.

More attention is focussed on the favourite for the Derby than for any other race, the reason being that the great Epsom classic is more than a horse-race; it is a national event, and talked about by people who do not ordinarily take the least interest in Turf affairs. It is also a "day out" for thousands of men and women who annually go to Epsom Downs, caring nothing if they don't see a race or a horse. Many people who would not dream of having a bet on any other race are eager to try to find the winner of the Derby, and sweepstakes are drawn on the race all over the world. The paramount question each year with most people is, "Will the favourite win?" This question is answered as often in the negative as the affirmative, for I find on looking up the records that of the last twenty-nine Derby winners fourteen started favourite. Several of the fifteen non-favourites vanquished horses that had started with odds betted on them. To-day it is more than possible that odds will be betted on Sunstar; at any rate, in the ordinary run of things, he will start a very hot favourite, for the opposition has been weakening daily for the last fortnight. The attempt to get King William ready has apparently not met with success; but the stable will have a very good—possibly a better—representative in Stedfast, who on the Guineas form should not be far away from Sunstar at the finish. The scratching of the French horses has released Stern for the favourite, and it may be that the Anglo-French jockey will add our Derby to his brilliant record. It would be a reward for his disappointment on Louviers. A slight stir was made when it became known that Phryxus had done well in a trial with Lemberg, but it is difficult to believe that in the short interval since the Payne Stakes Taylor can have got him cherry ripe. He is "on the book" the same horse as King William; but—and it is a "but" that may have some bearing on a race run in early summer—the race that showed him to be on that level was run in the autumn. Cellini has been doing as well on the training-ground as he did before his poor running in the Guineas; he will be fitter now, but one is afraid to recommend him. The more one searches the more one is forced to the conclusion that Sunstar's position in the market is well founded, in spite of the lurking suspicion that he may not be a stayer. My selection will be found under "Monday Tips."



LORD DERBY, OWNER OF KING WILLIAM.

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Coronation Cup. The word "Coronation" is on everybody's lips this year, and the race at Epsom called the Coronation Cup will, appropriately enough, provide us with the most interesting event of this week, if not of the season. Ever since the St. Leger last year the point as to whether Swynford beat Bronzino and Lemberg on his merits has been furiously discussed, with the result that there are three distinct camps. To-morrow we may have that point cleared up. There is, to my way of thinking, no room for doubting that Lemberg should have won the St. Leger, and I expect him to reverse the Doncaster running at Epsom. He may not beat Bronzino easily. Mr. J. A. de Rothschild's colt did not "find himself" until later in the season last year, but he is correspondingly better now than he was at the same period twelve months ago. We saw in the City and Suburban



MR. W. RAPHAEL, OWNER OF BEAUREPAIRE.

OWNERS OF "PROBABLES":
TURF PATRONS WHO ARE
LIKELY TO RUN HORSES IN
TO-DAY'S DERBY.

Photographs by Sport and General.



MR. J. A. DE ROTHSCHILD, OWNER OF ATMAH.

that he is thoroughly well. In that race he was interfered with, but managed to finish third to Mushroom, to whom he was conceding 23 lb. Nor may Lemberg beat Swynford so easily as he did in the Derby, the latter colt on that occasion being in no condition for racing. Lord Villiers' Greenback having come back to his best form, Hallick has great hopes of being able to lower the colours of the Manton horse, who won the Derby by a neck from Greenback, with Charles O'Malley third, two lengths behind. Very attractive side-dishes will be provided by Sir Martin (last year's winner), Bachelor's Double (who won the Jubilee Stakes running away), Buckwheat, and one of the best of last year's two-year olds—namely, St. Nat. This Coronation Cup will be more than a Derby and St. Leger rolled into one, for we shall see some of our best horses from three years old upwards running for it.

Improvements.

The Jockey Club have lately been more than usually in the limelight owing to various orders to clerks-of-courses and alterations in rules. The Jockey Club take no cognisance of betting, but they do of the good conduct of the race-meetings, and they are insisting on bookmakers having no clogs, stools, betting-lists, umbrellas, etc. These outfits have been confined to layers who operate in the smaller rings (which, by the way, have become the larger rings in many instances since the passing of the Street Betting Bill).

The prevention will have very little effect on the business done, and is hailed by most of the bookies as an improvement. The appointment of an inspector of courses was also a good move; it has resulted in bustling up one or two executives who would probably not have taken the initiative in bringing their courses up to the required standard. There are two other little matters with which the Stewards of the Jockey Club could deal with advantage. The names of racehorses are popularly supposed not to be repeated; yet we have seen instances this last year or two in which names made famous years ago are allowed to be registered. Another needed reform is that all horses should be named. A great deal of trouble is caused by the unnamed horse, and still more when its dam is also nameless. Under the rules of the National Hunt Committee no horse can start before it is christened—an example we are still waiting for the Jockey Club to follow.



MR. FAIRIE, OWNER OF PHRYXUS.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

The Derby favourite, Sunstar, holds his ground, and the confidence of his owner and trainer is unabated. The opposition is weak, and it is for that reason I must anticipate his victory. Phryxus and Stedfast may trouble him. Other selections are: Stewards' Handicap, Paravid; Caterham Plate, Clodius; Epsom Town Plate, Edward. To-morrow: Coronation Cup, Lemberg; Royal Stakes, Iron Mask II.; Durdans Plate, Avernus; Horton Plate, Brilliant; Great Surrey Foal Stakes, Mediator. Friday: Oaks, Tootles; Chipstead Plate, Minter; Belmont Plate, Edward; Acorn Stakes, Charmian; Effingham Plate, Paravid. Kempton, Saturday: Addlestone Plate, Sallust; St. Margaret's Plate, Bonnetty Bob; Kingston Handicap, Brandimintine; Windsor Castle Handicap, Martinet; Redfern Plate, Astra.



BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

The Female New Zealander.

Macaulay's New Zealander has appeared, but in the shape of a distinguished woman, who is not afraid to criticise somewhat sharply her English contemporaries. Like other Colonials and a good many Americans, this lady mistakes English good-breeding and lack of

self-assertion for "shyness." I have been gravely told before now by American women that a Vicereine of Canada—famous for her beauty, her quiet graciousness, and her exquisite manners—was "gawky" and nervous in society, and did not know how to get through a quadrille! The statement made one smile, so different are the standards of young and old societies. The lady from New Zealand, however, has glimmerings that the tone of an ancient civilisation may be different from that of a new and intensely self-assertive one. She owns that there is "a touch of scholarship, an evidence of wide reading" about the conversation of Englishwomen of the higher classes, and even declares that "they talk fluently and with conviction if the subject is a weighty one." We are not, it seems, good at trifling and amusing talk, except in isolated cases. So, too, with our dress, for though we employ "the best materials that can be obtained, the best is not made of the materials." This sparkling Antipodean epigram, however, is surely meant to reflect on the skill of dressmakers rather than the taste of the wearers. Moreover, "Englishwomen seldom venture to strike the personal note"—surely a somewhat singular criticism on a nation which invented the tailor-made costume, the tea-gown, æsthetic dress, and the sporting attire which is now copied all over the world. The fact is that,

rate as revealed through their writers of prose and poetry, have a curious bitterness and sadness of their own. Their one longing—so strange in a young and highly prosperous country—is to get back to the little island in the Northern Ocean from which their grandparents fared forth. "There are daisies born in England which you will never see," is a song which the emigrant mother sings to the daughter born in the Antipodes; and it is trifles like these, it would appear, which add to the intolerable nostalgia from which the Australian and New Zealander—unlike the Canadian—suffer to an amazing extent. It is not so much the stars in their courses that trouble our souls or rouse our emotions as such earthly puerilities as these little white flowers with the golden hearts and rosy tips.

The Fear of Music. We trifle with the wonderful art of music nowadays, not recognising its extraordinary power for good and evil, its effect on the nervous system, its strange ascendancy not only over the emotions but over the brain. It is the youngest of all the fine arts, and its development during the last hundred years has been nothing short of stupendous, yet there is no censorship over music, which has a more potent influence over the mind and the body than any other product of man's brain. Yet men of genius, the prophet and the writer, have often been afraid of music and have denounced its influence. As a rule, the man of letters—apart from the poet—is singularly unmoved by musical sounds, which are even, in some cases, obnoxious to him. Tolstoy, however, the chief enemy of music, even in its most exalted and highest form, was profoundly moved by Beethoven, Bach, and all the great hierarchy of composers, and it was their overpowering influence which he set himself to combat in the "Kreutzer Sonata" and in his essay, "What is Art?" Tolstoy was one of the most original, the most candid of human beings who ever drew breath, and everything which he says on life and art is worth deep attention. Now, M. Romain Rolland, the author of "Jean Christophe," tells us that Tolstoy, in his youth, was passionately fond of music, as, indeed, the young Russian giant was of all things alluring and appealing. But even then the dashingsoldier who was to develop into Russia's greatest writer and teacher had the fear of music in his soul. His brother-in-law has described how he noticed that "the sensations, which music called forth in him were accompanied by a slight pallor of the face and an imperceptible grimace, which seemed to express fright." Tolstoy was one of the first of moderns to perceive the profound significance of music in human life.



(Copyright.)

A FAIR VISION IN WHITE.

From the White House, 51, New Bond Street.

except in the case of pretty young girls, who have rightly the privilege of starting audacious fashions, and a few ultra-modish women, the majority of well-bred Englishwomen prefer to keep their personal adornment, like their conversation, on a rather reticent and reserved note.

Where There are No Daisies.

Here in England we are so used to the spectacle of meadows spangled with myriads of white daisies that, like the call of the cuckoo and the thrush's song, we take them as a matter of course, as part of the "pageant of summer." We regard them with a great personal affection when we wear socks and latchet-shoes, and the first daisy-chain which we manufacture with our own fat fingers we regard with natural triumph and pride. Afterwards, perhaps, they take a position of less importance in our esteem, for the more sophisticated flowers—proud products of the hothouse and the garden—begin to appeal to us; yet always the innate love of the daisy is imbedded in our beings. This love, it seems, is hereditary, and is passed on, along with other English qualities, to Colonials and their children, who have never even caught a glimpse of our chalk cliffs. A writer in *East and West* declares that the young Australians, for instance, "are born into a home-sickness for England that the Home-country cannot understand." The Australians, taken as a whole, or at any



A SMART EVENING GOWN.

This exceedingly smart evening gown, by Ernest, 185, Regent St., is made in light-mauve shot taffetas, veiled with cobweb-grey mousseline, and finished with silver lace and girdle.

which music called forth in him were accompanied by a slight pallor of the face and an imperceptible grimace, which seemed to express fright." Tolstoy was one of the first of moderns to perceive the profound significance of music in human life.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on June 13.

THE NEW ISSUES.

IT must be admitted that the sudden rush of new issues at the beginning of last week did a good deal to check business in the Stock Exchange. People cannot apply for fresh stock and engage in investment in the markets at the same time. Of course, everybody does not go in for the new ventures, but the speculating investor, whose business is so valuable to the House, has been taking a hand, not only in applying for stock, but also in the underwriting, which is now so easy to obtain, and his absence from the markets has much to do with the dullness, which deepened into depression as the account drew near. The failure of the Bank Rate to come down to $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. is a sentimental consideration which also had its effect upon prices, and the steady shrinkage in the price of Consols rather disposed the more permanent investor to ask whether the usual summer sagging had set in already. Certainly the holiday spirit has begun to make itself felt all round the markets, and the Stock Exchange, for the time being, is under something of a cloud. The Imperial and Foreign Corporation, upon whose excellent prospects we commented last week, was a great success amongst a small host of reverses, and no doubt the powerful names on the front page of the prospectus went a good way towards inducing the public to apply for the shares offered.

HOME RAILWAY UNSETTLEMENT.

It is as though the Home Railway Market wants to go better, but cannot make a fair start. After each falling-away in prices, there is a measure of support extended to the market which shows clearly enough that the public are not averse from regarding the stocks favourably whenever prices get to what appear to be tempting levels. The heavy bull account is reduced considerably, and a shrewd guess at a market bear account would probably not be far away from the truth. People are beginning, however, to ask what will happen after the Coronation is over and the summer holidays draw nearer. Not many men care to go away for their annual month with any large amount of stock open, and it is customary for books to be levelled up a good deal during the early part of July. Bumper traffics will be required from the Home Railway Companies to counteract this tendency, and perhaps we may see a reaction in prices, as in public excitement, when the grand event of the year is past. This view it is which some speculators are starting to discount even now. The investor, however, need not trouble. So long as he has chosen good stuff, he will probably be able to realise it if he waits to at much better prices in the later autumn.

CONCERNING CANADIANS.

Not a few of the staunch believers in Canadian Pacifics regret that their favourite shares should have made a pause in the long upward movement which has taken place this year. They were confidently looking for the shares to go to 250, and the little set-back of three or four dollars from 240 gave rise to a certain amount of heart-searching and regret, the latter because the shares were not sold at the very top prices. It seems hardly necessary to say that to get out at the top is a most unusual thing; but, so far as Canadas are concerned, it would be absurd to suggest that they have seen their apex and are now on the down grade. Berlin and other German centres have certainly stopped buying, and the setback in American Rails has led to sympathetic weakening in Canadas, the high price of which invites attacks from the bears at any time when markets generally are not particularly good; but the rise will be resumed. Canadian Pacifics have such enormous possibilities that 250 is a modest valuation to put upon the price of the shares. The Company, moreover, has a list of shareholders of the strongest kind in the world, because they have bought for investment purposes, and these people do not rush to get out directly the market turns unfavourable. So far as we can see, there is no need whatever for Canadian Pacific shareholders to be the least bit worried about their investments, an ultimate recovery in the price of which is practically certain.

CANADIAN LAND SHARES.

With the slight reaction in Canadas has come about a sympathetic movement in the prices of some of the Canadian Land Companies' shares. Most of these have gone back a little, and for the time being there is no particular inclination on the part of the public to re-enter the market. Here again a recovery is, to our mind, all but a certainty. As we often receive inquiries as to which are the best shares in which to put money for the purposes of speculative investment, we submit the following list for consideration, namely—

Share.	Price.
Southern Alberta Land	52s. 6d.
Western Canada Land	31s. 3d.
Canadian Wheat Lands	21s. 9d.
British Columbia Fruit Farms	23s. 9d.
Hudson's Bays	113s.

The Canadian Wheat Lands Company was issued not long ago, and the £1 shares fell to a small discount. On good news from the

properties, they ran up to 24s., but reverted to 21s. 9d. at the special settlement last week. The shares have a guarantee of 5 per cent. dividend for three years from the Southern Alberta Company, and the Company is flourishing. Of the newer shares, these are perhaps the most attractive; while of the others, Hudson's Bays can be counted upon to improve when certain financial difficulties which have arisen in connection with the bull account are removed.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"Oh, by the way," remarked The Engineer in a matter-of-fact tone, "I thought you were going to commit suicide."

"So I am," replied The Jobber gloomily.

"Well——"

"Had two tickets given me for the Coronation. My wife wants to go, and, of course, she couldn't if she were in mourning; so I've had to postpone——"

"Don't be so beastly morbid!" exclaimed The Merchant. "You make me feel quite ill."

"I didn't raise the subject," was the calm apology. "That's the real offender over there. I'm merely the victim of nerves, markets—and the Coronation."

The Banker intervened with the observation that the Stock Exchange had suffered a bad disappointment in not seeing the Bank Rate fall this month.

"It wouldn't have had much real effect, even if it had come," said The Broker.

The Solicitor thought it might have had a strengthening influence.

"You want something more than influence," replied The Broker.

"In other words, we must all buy," The City Editor added.

"No use buying if everything you touch goes down," retorted The Jobber.

"Poor old chap! You've got the hump rather badly."

"That's so. I've been a bull and a bear and a stag; lost money in each character, so I've decided to change my skin and turn camel. Hence this hump," and he glanced over his shoulder.

"But, still, I daresay you can tell us how to make money?"

"Am I not a member of the Stock Exchange?" was the indignant response.

The Solicitor declared that stocks and shares would improve before the property market did.

"I doubt it," said The Broker. "There is a turn in everything, and I shouldn't wonder if bricks and mortar, to say nothing of land, did not have what the papers call a sharp recovery before long."

The Banker said he was inclined to endorse that view, but the lawyer shook his head dubiously. He offered to tell them a little story, incidentally, about one of the new Government valuers.

"It was a small estate we were winding up, and a cottage formed part. I had it valued by a good man, and he said £280."

"Any advance on two-eighty, gentlemen?" cried The Jobber.

"I sent the valuation up, and after a long time we had a letter from a Government valuer saying he thought it should be £290, and not £280."

"What difference did it make to the duty?" asked The Broker.

"One per cent.—just a florin."

There was a general laugh, and a few pithy comments.

"What did you do?" asked The Jobber.

"Wrote back and told them that as the cottage had since been sold for £250, I thought the original valuation was more than fair."

"And that's how these Government officials waste the country's time and money. It's worse than the War Office!"

"I won't go so far as to say that," continued The Solicitor thoughtfully. "I know one gallant——"

But The Broker was talking about Kaffirs, and The Solicitor reserved his story for a season more convenient.

"It's not a bit of use hoping for Kaffirs to revive," The Broker lamented. "People won't look at them, or at you, if you start talking about them."

"Rhodesians have greater scope, it's true," agreed The Jobber. "Dead as that market is, I bought a few Willoughbys to pay my funer——"

"Steady," warned him The Merchant. "No morbidisms, please."

"There's no life in the market."

"Nor in any other."

"How about Oil Trust of Galicia?" inquired The City Editor.

"A mere bear squeeze. Nothing else in the world. You steer clear of Oils, young fellow."

"I'm going to; never fear," replied The City Editor. "I think I'd rather go in for Russians than Oils."

"Russians are caviare——"

"Oh, rotten!—the pun, I mean," explained The Jobber. "The shares have had a good rise, you know."

"From what I hear, Siberian Syndicates are worth having about 4½," The City Editor went on. "The Company has some remarkably good assets, and the price has hardly moved for several weeks."

"When found, make a note on," quoth The Broker, pencilling it on his cuff. "I am often being asked for a Russian tip."

"I believe that to be a good one, but of course it's risky."

"We must all take risks, or we should never lose any money," was the sententious answer. "Fortunately, it isn't everyone who buys Industrials, and lets the money stop there."

[Continued on Page 278.]

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Royal Birthdays.

The King's official birthday was celebrated one day after the real anniversary of the Queen's birth. Both events were made the occasion of social celebration. On the night of her Majesty's birthday, the Duchess of Devonshire, Mistress of the Robes, opened Devonshire House for a large and brilliant reception for the first time in the régime of the present Duke, and for the first time was hostess there to a really great representative assemblage. On Saturday night the Countess of Granard, wife of the Master of the Horse, gave a King's birthday-party, when many of the distinguished men guests were in naval, military, and diplomatic uniforms. Even in a season so brilliant and full of engagements as this, these were two very important functions. Lord and Lady Granard have in Forbes House, Halkin Street, one suitable for great entertainments; while all the world knows what brilliant big balls and receptions have been given in Devonshire House during late Victorian and Edwardian times.



PRESENTED AT THE FIRST COURT:
MADAME GULBEN KIAN.

Madame Gulben Kian was presented to their Majesties at the first Court of the reign. In the list of the Diplomatic Corps and other distinguished foreigners invited, her name appeared in the entourage of the Turkish Ambassador.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

the old-world idea still prevails that only very great and very important people make any display of diamonds. Finding that our society is so big a thing, and that diamonds are worn by all who can afford them, our visitors are busy buying some. A rare opportunity is afforded to them in the reductions made by Messrs. Hunt and Roskell of from 20 to 25 per cent. on their usual prices. It is prior to the firm's removal sale from their present premises, 156, New Bond Street, to more spacious accommodation in Old Bond Street.

The Summer Girl. The sunshine and the summer and the flowers bring with them the summer girl—a joyous and delightful person

whom we all rejoice to see. Delightful outfits are in readiness for her at the White House, New Bond Street. Our artist has drawn one charming dress in white voile, embroidered in carnation-pink and white washing silk in a really fine design. Long lines of silk buttons from hem to rather high waist give a look of length to the figure, and the gown is finished with a deep hem of carnation-pink and with very pretty sleeves. This is one of many dresses for our summer girls at this establishment, where the daintiest of lingerie and blouses are also ready for sunny weather. The establishment is famous



TO BE PRESENTED IN DUBLIN THIS SUMMER:
LADY VICTORIA PERY.

Lady Victoria Pery, who is to be presented at the Court to be held in Dublin during the visit of the King and Queen this summer, is the only daughter of the Earl and Countess of Limerick. She was born in 1893.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

for its round and oval embroidered table-cloths and top sheets, also for the wonderfully moderate-priced double-monogram handkerchiefs. A staff of fine embroiderers being on the premises, any design, name, coat-of-arms, or crest can be executed in twelve hours.

A Coronation Crown.

There is nothing in the world like enterprise, and when it is devoted to producing beautiful home-grown hair, why, we have nothing but praise for enterprise. Mr. Edwards, of the Edwards Harlene Company, is offering prizes to the value of £500 for the best head of hair in men, women, or children. The full particulars of the competition may be obtained from chemists or by application to the firm's address. Particulars are also enclosed in each week's free outfit, which is offered free of charge, all that is required being threepence in stamps for postage, and a request for a gift of Harlene Hair Drill outfit, addressed to the firm, 95-96, High Holborn.

How to Look Cool.

To look cool is more than half way to being cool. The irritating idea that one is looking shiny is almost as sure to warm one up as a fire. A new idea by Morné Frères, 201, Regent Street, will be eagerly welcomed. It is called the Pompom Poudre, and is a compact miniature puff, each one enclosed in a perfumed tissue envelope. It is so dainty and practical that half-a-dozen may be carried in a purse or card-case. It is a refined and harmless way of applying powder, which may not be said of papier-poudré. A miniature specimen will be sent free by the firm on the receipt of a visiting-card asking for it.

The Requisite Rest.

This is a thing which wise folk must not neglect this season, when so much is going forward, and when everyone is going from morning until night, and from night well into morning. Rest, to be real, must be comfortable, and comfortable chairs are rarities in a world so full of seats as ours. Messrs. J. Foot and Sons have satisfactorily solved the problem of a chair that is really restful. So great has been the demand for the firm's special chairs that they are now pre-

pared with one at a price so reasonable that it is within the reach of the most moderate income. It is called the Osborne, and if it has not the elaborate mechanism of the more expensive chairs, it is capable of all the changes in position. The back is raised or lowered by means of a ratchet, and the seat can be flat or tilted at two different gradients by means of a double-hinged rest. The leg-rest draws out, and the position can be changed by quite simple mechanism. The chair can be made a flat couch, and the arms taken down, allowing of its use as an invalid chair, and the easy removal to it of an invalid from bed. In solid oak frame with a caned seat-back and leg-rest it costs only £5 10s. With the same frame and spring-upholstered seat-back and leg-rest, it is £7 5s., and more up to £13, according to the covering.



PRESENTED AT COURT BY MRS.
WHITELAW REID: MISS ELEANOR
WEBB.

Miss Eleanor Webb, who comes from the States, was presented at their Majesties' first Court by Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, wife of the United States Ambassador.

Photograph by Rita Martin.



WIFE OF THE NEW AGENT-
GENERAL AND EX-PREMIER
OF WESTERN AUSTRALIA:
LADY NEWTON MOORE.

Lady Newton Moore was before her marriage Miss Isabel Lowrie, daughter of Mr. John Lowrie. She has one son and three daughters. Her husband, Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Newton James Moore, K.C.M.G., who has recently been appointed Agent-General for Western Australia, has been Premier of that Colony since 1906, and Colonial Treasurer since 1909.

Photograph by Swaine.



PRESENTED AT COURT BY THE
MARCHIONESS OF ZETLAND: MRS.
WARD-JACKSON.

Mrs. Ward-Jackson, who was presented at their Majesties' second Court by the Marchioness of Zetland, is the wife of Mr. W. L. Ward-Jackson, of Normby Hall, Yorkshire.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

Continued from Page 276.]

"That is a magnificent report of Lyons," remarked The Merchant. "The management must be extraordinarily good to make the profits they do. I bought myself a few shares on the strength of the figures."

"They will do still better this Coronation year," prophesied The Engineer. "Those shares ought to go to 7, ex-dividend. And I shouldn't wonder if Slaters aren't worth picking up now."

"You would naturally suppose that all these Companies must have a good time this year," ruminated The Solicitor. "Mind you this: I can't help thinking that the Coronation as a bull point has been discounted up to the hilt in a great many cases."

"Home Rails?"

"To some extent."

"That market's all right," contended The Broker. "We shall see it come along again. Don't you agree with me, Sir?"

The Banker, however, was not to be drawn. He murmured something about coming new capital issues, and so on. The Broker was manifestly a little disconcerted.

"The last time that I went to the Derby—" began The Jobber.

Of course there was no more finance in the first-class carriage after that.

ANGLO-CYLON TEA PLANTATIONS.

"Anglo-C" writes that he bought these shares a year ago on the strength of an article by "Q," in which they were valued at £5 each, "with prospects," and asks why they have fallen in price. They have fallen because the Company is, to a certain extent, interested in rubber; for the reasons for the fall in Rubber shares, *vide* the Daily Press *passim*. If "Anglo-C" is holding the shares as an investment, he is receiving very good interest on his money; and the shares are undoubtedly cheap at £3, as the Company's interests in tea and sugar are more important than their stake in rubber. A recovery to £5 in the next few years is by no means improbable.

"Q" would like to take this opportunity of pointing out that, when he first recommended these shares, eighteen months ago, they were under £2; also that he makes no sort of claim to infallibility!

Saturday, May 27, 1911.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor,
The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

LINGGI.—The estimated production for this year is about 1,100,000 lb. of rubber, and the output to the end of April was practically up to this estimate in respect of the first four months of the year.

TIERED.—Chatham Ordinary is probably years away from a dividend. It is a gambling counter. Kent Coal and Coronation traffics are the two principal props of the bulls at present.

EX.—Canadas were last ex-dividend on Feb. 24. The dividends are now paid quarterly.

FIVE PER CENT.—(1) We consider this is a reasonable rate of interest for you to expect; (2) We are constantly giving selections of such stocks and shares; (3) Midland Deferred: Antofagasta Deferred.

STAGGERED.—It is quite correct. Dealings are for special settlement only. A neat non-de-plume!

XX.—We should feel inclined to hold the shares until the imminent dividend and report are out.

HUDSON.—Our correspondent's opinion is in no way altered by the fact that general depression has led to the price falling away with everything else.

STYMIE.—Should take the profit on half the shares.

NEW ISSUE.—Automobiles Rolls-Royce (France), Ltd., is offering 170,000 shares of £1 each at par, out of a nominal share capital of a quarter of a million pounds sterling. The Company has been formed by Rolls-Royce, Ltd., with the object of erecting and equipping works in France for the manufacture of the famous Rolls-Royce motor-chassis, and selling there and in the other countries of Europe other than the United Kingdom. If the net annual profits be £37,500 (a sum which the Directors confidently expect will be exceeded), the new business will give a return of 15 per cent. on its capital.

THE TWEENFONTEIN COLLIERY LTD.—At the fourth ordinary general meeting of the Tweenfontein Colliery, Ltd., held a few days ago, at Egypt House, New Broad Street, the Chairman, Lord Oranmore and Browne, in moving the adoption of the report, said that advances of about £17,000 had been obtained to meet fresh capital expenditure during the year, and at the closing of the books these advances stood at £14,687. The balance had been paid out of the Company's cash resources, and the loan had since been reduced by more than £4000. The gross profit for the year had been £20,154, which showed an increase of £4773. The sum of £5171 had been used for depreciation, and £1899 had been written down as preliminary expenses. They proposed to carry forward £2087, and they recommended a dividend of 7½ per cent. on the Ordinary shares. He considered that in the third year of their operations this was a satisfactory position. He mentioned that the Company had joined the Transvaal Coal Owners' Association, which allocated the coal output of the Transvaal among practically all the collieries on an agreed basis, thus ensuring to the producers a fair profit at fair prices. They had also arranged to sell to the Transvaal Hydraulic Power Syndicate a site for a large power station, and to supply them with about 25,000 tons of coal a month. Their main seam alone was estimated to contain 34,000,000 tons of coal, and they had other seams besides. The report was adopted.

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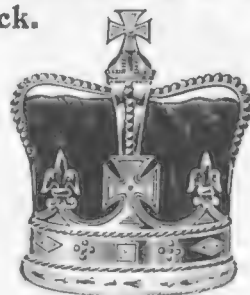


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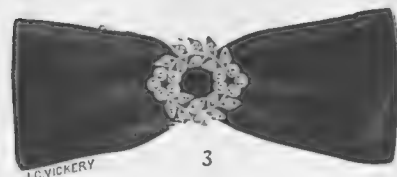
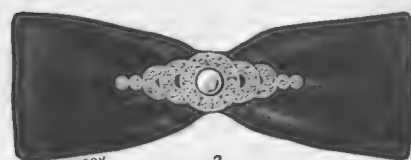
£1000 INSURANCE. See page II.

CONTENTS.

Amongst the contents of this number, in addition to the customary features and comic drawings, will be found illustrations dealing with Mme. Pavlova; the Amateur Golf Championship; Jack Hassall's History; the Smith-Winterton Dance; "Le Martyre de St. Sébastien"; "The Life and Adventures of Margaret Catchpole"; "A Night in the Harem," at the Oxford; Mlle. Ida Rubinstein; the Dreamer of Castles in Mayfair; the Dreamer of Castles in Spain; A Vision from the 'Fifties; Miss Blanche Stocker; Gloves Anticipated; Gloves Won; Miss Phyllis Monkman; The Glad Eye; Fresh Water Nymphs; Salt Water Nymphs; Playing "Snap" with the Mermaid; Lawn-Tennis; Bathing; "I do Like to be Beside the Seaside"; the Fascinations of the Hat; Shy Seven; Sweet Seventeen; the Fascinations of Boots and Shoes; the Fascinations of the Coiffure; the Morning Star; the Evening Star; the Fascination of the Patch; Mme. Edvina.

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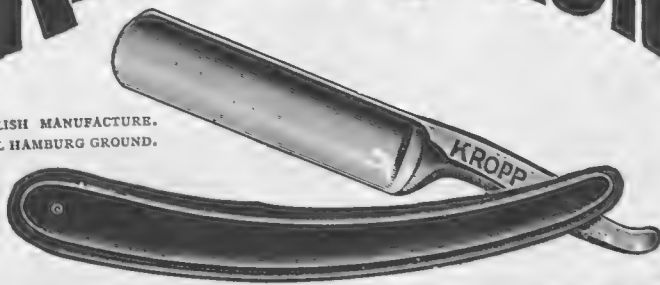
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Madame Rubinstein knows that modern Face Specialism, if it deserve the name at all, requires the eye of the lapidary, the taste of an artist; even the nerves of a surgeon, the skill of a mechanic and the kindest sympathy, to say nothing of the necessary physiological knowledge. She has, therefore, attached to her staff other specialists and even physicians of Continental qualifications. Each member of that trained staff is an accomplished specialist in one particular branch of the practice. But Madame Rubinstein sees every visitor first and carefully considers the requirements. The work is then assigned to whoever can do it best. It stands to reason that an ordinary practice would not be large enough to afford such carefully thought-out and thorough-going specialisation. But then, it must be remembered that Madame Rubinstein's establishment is the largest and most complete in the world; that the bettering of methods and new discoveries make such division of talents not only desirable but necessary, and she must give her patrons the best services only, because that is expected of her.

Madame Rubinstein has become noted for her special methods of treating

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A Word on Face Specialists

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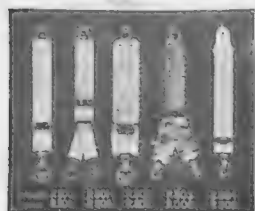
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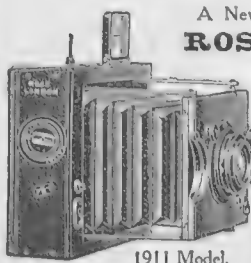
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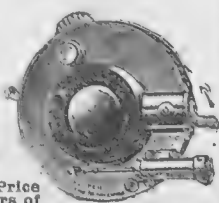
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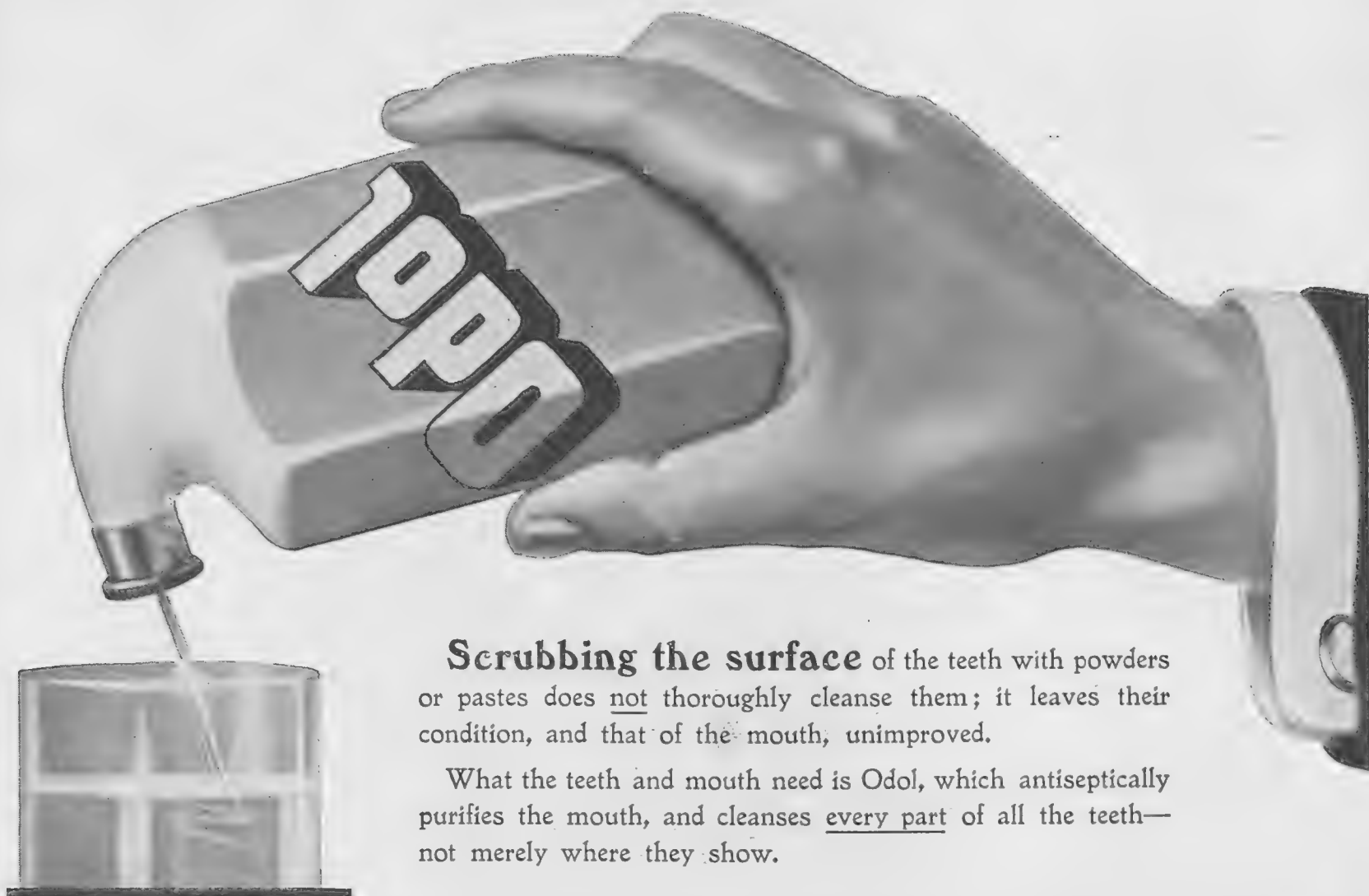
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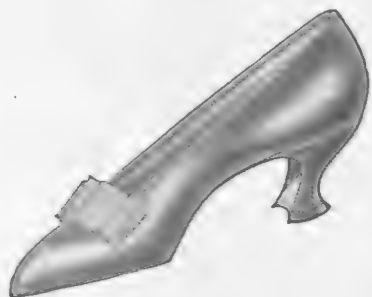
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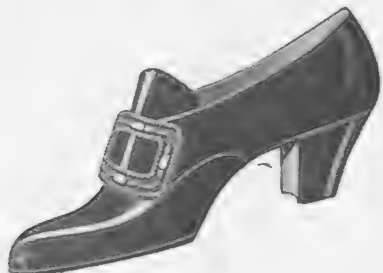
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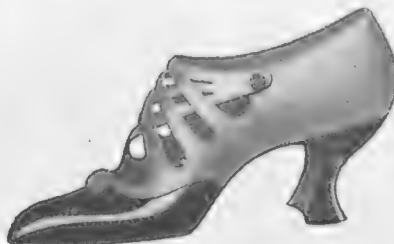
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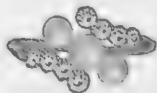
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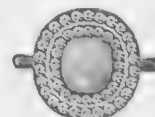
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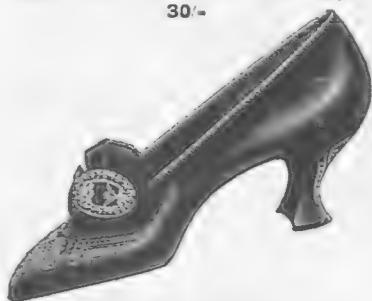
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THE MOST BEAUTIFUL SHOP IN LONDON.

THE people who are coming from all parts of the world to witness the Coronation festivities will naturally want to see something of the great city and its shops. A few of these shops are already household names in the Colonies and on the Continent, and in no case can this be more truly said than it can be of Waring's, whose magnificent Galleries in Oxford Street will no doubt be the Mecca of many a visitor during the next five or six weeks. And surely there are few places—even show places—that are better worth the expenditure of two or three hours of time. Waring's is a veritable palace of decorative art, a museum of beautiful things, a combination of artistic arrangement with business ideals. It is a sheer delight to walk through these Galleries, even if you have no thought of buying anything; for in their groups of period furniture, their exquisite displays of antique rugs and decorative wares, their marvellously tasteful suggestions for middle-class furnishing, and their sumptuous specimen rooms for the rich, they exercise over a wide field a great educational influence.

The name of Waring's is paramount in its connection with fine design and artistic treatments for the home. Waring's were the pioneers in this movement; they remain the chief exponents of the principles of taste as applied to the home. The Company has the confidence of its royal and princely patrons, and its great work of popularising art in the home, and combining taste with economy, is being carried on with unabated energy and increasing success.

No one should miss seeing the Waring Galleries. Every visitor is welcome to walk round without being importuned to purchase. There are departments for everything required in the equipment of the modern home. Furnituré, bedding, carpets, silks, damasks, velvets, lace curtains, blinds, electric-light fittings, baths and sanitary appliances, glass and china, pictures, pianofortes, fancy goods, antiques, wallpapers, and modelled plaster decorations—these are only the principal of many features that will attract the visitor's attention. Then there are a large number of rooms furnished in the Elizabethan, Jacobean, Queen Anne, Georgian, Adam, and French styles, which illustrate how these historic designs can be adapted to modern conditions without any incongruity or loss of distinctive character. The specimen rooms range in importance from the simple parlour of a week-end bungalow up to an elaborate salon of the Louis Seize period, or a magnificent banquetting-hall of the time of Charles II. Every style is represented, every pocket

is considered, every taste is appealed to. These rooms are not only object-lessons in the art of furnishing, they are aids of the most invaluable kind to the householder. They are theoretically interesting



and practically indispensable. And there are, in addition, several model houses, showing people how to furnish throughout at an inclusive cost. These are changed from time to time, for the purpose of embodying new ideas and treatments, so that they are worth seeing again and again. The knowledge of some of the most eminent authorities on antique art has been employed in selecting the reproduced furniture for the more elaborate of these houses; but even in the cheaper examples there is a surprising display of artistic beauty and refined taste. The young couple about to start housekeeping will, by



going to Waring's, save themselves an infinitude of care and anxiety, for they can choose the furniture for their home with hardly any trouble, and know exactly what the complete thing will cost them.

The Beauty of the Twentieth Century.

IT IS A SATISFYING REFLECTION that the fame of the noted beauties of the day will go down to posterity not as the artificially bedecked and painted heroines of old, but conspicuous and celebrated by reason of their splendid manifestation of health, of youth, and of comeliness. This is a most gratifying fact, as it demonstrates the great revolution which has taken place in the methods of producing so remarkable a result. It is a great stride in the right direction that this has been accomplished, and it ranks with all the miraculous discoveries of these marvellous times.

THE woman of the future, provided that she take proper care, should be peerless, having benefited by the researches made by the woman of to-day. Thus, youthful, natural beauty is now within reach of all, although for years past the means of obtaining it was known by a very select few only. Having devoted the better part of her life to the study, a most gifted lady skin specialist has succeeded in perfecting the most wonderful system of beauty culture, added to which her scientific discoveries have provided the means of overcoming the whole gamut of skin disorders and ailments, and their cure and correction are now matters of absolute certainty.

ONE has only to

see the women of the highest society either at home or abroad, the prettiest, daintiest, and most attractive, and it is quite easy to distinguish—by their beautiful, transparent, velvety, natural, well-nourished complexions—those who do take proper care of their complexions from those who, either by reason of indolence or of ignorance, fail to adopt a system absolutely unique in its originality, and absolutely certain in its miraculous results.

The "Cyclax" Company has been fortunate in being able to arrange with this lady to see their patients on certain afternoons in every week; but this must be done by appointment, it being most difficult to accommodate all, as she is always booked up for many weeks in advance. When, however, the general public can get by payment of no fee whatever her advice and assistance, it is little wonder that, on her reception days, her salon is crowded.

THE grand complexions produced by her marvellous remedies make it quite easy to understand the desire of thousands of would-be patients to benefit by the results of her knowledge and skill. The Company has also been able to obtain the sole concession for the whole of the civilised world to supply the general public with this lady's famous preparations.

THESE said preparations are not mysteriously wild discoveries made in inaccessible, unknown regions of the desert or of the mountains, as so many of the ordinary productions profess to be; but they are essentially NATURE'S REMEDIES, being the result of many years of strenuous scientific research, which in the case of every patient (without exception) produce the most highly satisfactory result, as can be proved by the numberless unsolicited encomiums received from day to day

by the "Cyclax" Company; but which, for obvious reasons, are not made public.

A MOST valuable book, entitled *The Cultivation and Preservation of Natural Beauty*, which gives very comprehensive details and suggestions as to the care of the skin and the general health, has been issued by the "Cyclax" Company, and will be sent (free) to any of our readers who apply for same on mentioning the name of this paper.

WHEN once the "Cyclax" Remedies have been tried, the result is so swift and so exceptionally satisfactory that their patients always express regret in unmeasured terms that they have not earlier approached the Company for their advice and assistance.

BY the intelligent and diligent use of the "Cyclax" preparations a complexion absolutely perfect and beautiful can be obtained. To acquire natural beauty of the skin, a perfect contour of the face, and a youthful, natural complexion is quite possible if "Cyclax" preparations be used. By enlisting the "Cyclax" Company's aid all this can be effected promptly and permanently, and surprise and delight will be the crowning glory of these results.

THE face must be dealt with as a whole, and attention must be paid equally to the skin, the hair, the eyes, the eyebrows, and the eyelashes; all these can be made quite perfect by following the advice given by the "Cyclax" Company for the treatment of each individual case.

FOREMOST amongst the "Cyclax" preparations are the "Cyclax" Skin Food (price 7s. 6d. or 4s.), which feeds and plumps up the skin and

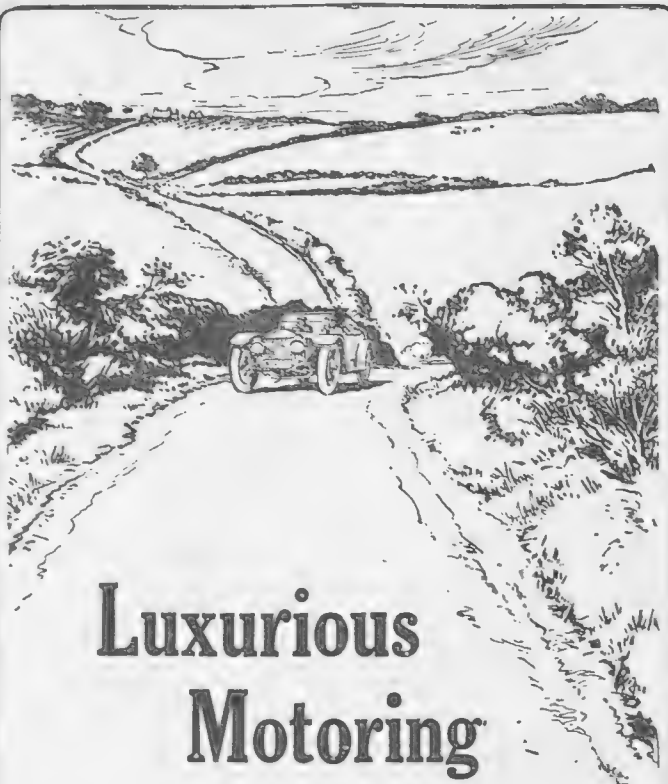
gives it a soft and velvety appearance; the "Cyclax" Special Lotion—this is the *clou* of the treatment—(price 10s. 6d. or 5s. 6d.), which clears the skin of all impurities, makes it white and transparent, and removes all acidity, blackheads, &c.; "Cyclax" Complexion Milk (price 7s. 6d. or 4s.), which eradicates lines and cures open pores; "Cyclax" Bracéine (price 7s. 6d. or 4s.), a most powerful and excellent tonic lotion; "Cyclax" Sunburn Lotion (price 8s. 6d. or 4s. 6d.) and "Cyclax" Salusta Lotion (price 8s. 6d. or 4s. 6d.), two remarkably excellent protective and sedative applications; "Cyclax" Transforming Lotion (price 6s. 6d. or 3s. 6d.), which gives the skin a beautiful texture, and is a magnificent medicament to cure certain troubles; the "Cyclax" Face Powder (price 6s. 6d.), original, antiseptic, and practically invisible; and the "Cyclax" Skin Soap (price 3s. 6d. per tablet), a preparation specially medicated to act in conjunction with all the other remedies.

INDEED, the whole cycle of preparations vended by the Company forms one comprehensive chain of remedies, each designed for use conjunctively, or they may be used separately. In every case they are absolute certainties as to obtaining the results claimed for them. All further details about the above and the many other remedies to be procured may be immediately obtained by writing to



The "Cyclax" Company

58, South Molton St.,
London, W.



Luxurious Motoring

Of all the refinements of motoring none is so often missed as the luxuriousness that comes from perfect resilience in tyres.

Many perfectly balanced and beautifully sprung cars have half their comfort discounted by harsh and unyielding tyres. This is a pity, for after all, the place to stop vibration is the point where it is first set up, namely, the point of contact with the road.

Nothing does so much to smooth out the rough places on the road as a set of resilient tyres, and there are no tyres so resilient as Goodrich. This is entirely due to the superb quality of the rubber.

Every atom of a Goodrich moulded tread is buoyantly alive, and automatically capable of instant compression and recoil. This quality of absorbing, instead of resisting, vibration, not only means extra speed and tends to greater comfort, but it effects economy at every mile.

If you wish to realise the limit of luxury in motoring, have your car fitted with a set of rubber-studded

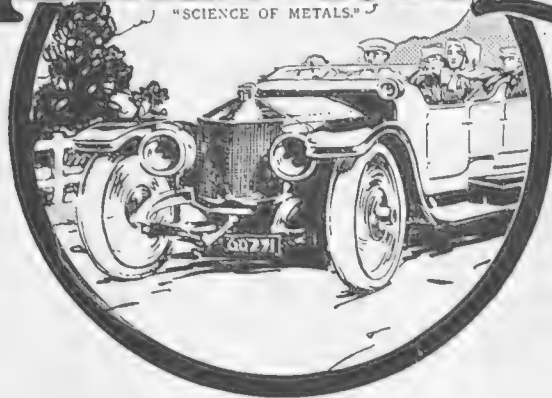
Goodrich Tyres

MANUFACTURED BY

The B. F. GOODRICH CO., Ltd.,
117-123, GOLDEN LANE, E.C.

METALLURGIQUE

"SCIENCE OF METALS."



The open Sesame

to all the finer experiences and sensations of motoring—a Metallurgique Car. Perfect running and a superlative capacity for speed are features inseparably associated with the marque. Our point is: the thorough success of any tour is assured by this car.

A trial run may reveal something
of the car's wonderful qualities.
Can we arrange an appointment?

REPAIRS.
COACHBUILDING
ACCESSORIES.

WARWICK WRIGHT, Ltd.
110, High St., Manchester Sq., London, W.
Telegrams: 'Lurgique, London.' Telephone: 8574 Gerrard.

HYDRAULIC
SHOCK
ABSORBERS.



THE FOLLOWING

Lloyd's

Motor Car Policies

are issued by

The Red-Cross Indemnity Association.

RED-CROSS Policy.

ROYAL AUTOMOBILE CLUB Policy.

DOCTOR'S Policy.

HUMBER Policy.

ARGYLL Policy.

NAPIER Policy.

AUSTIN Policy.

ROVER Policy.

DAIMLER Policy.

SUNBEAM Policy.

DE DION Policy.

THORNYCROFT Policy.

DELAUNAY-BELLEVILLE Policy.

FULL PROSPECTUSES

... from ...

Any LLOYD'S BROKER or

The RED-CROSS INDEMNITY ASSOCIATION,

1, Cornhill, London, E.C., and

13a, Pall Mall, London, S.W.



The Abiding Charm *of the* Perfect Gift.

THERE is probably no Gift in the World which carries such a close personal message of affection as a small Portrait, a Miniature on Ivory or Drawing Paper. For hundreds of years a Portrait has been the "Gift of Kings." What Romance has been built around these little Portraits! If these old Miniatures in the Collection of His Grace the Duke of Buccleuch, the Wallace and Jones Exhibition could speak, what delightful tales of Love and Laughter, of Sunshine and Sorrow they could tell us! It is the same to-day. All the Romance of the Past still clings around these most fascinating Gifts—and in the hands of Mr. Keturah Collings, the interesting old traditions



A Miniature painted without sittings
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH
By MR. KETURAH COLLINGS,
73, PARK STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.

are still continued in secretive locket or leather case, his small life-like portraits convey to the Man and Woman of to-day all that old-world touch of Romance and Love. There are many carefully guarded secrets in Mr. Collings' personal sketch book. There is nothing more acceptable to a Man than a Lady's Portrait—with its living likeness—the glint of hair, the flash of the eye—all portrayed with consummate skill. His fees are very moderate, his enthusiasm for every client is unbounded—hence his success.

Mr. Keturah Collings is engaged upon six Royal Commands, and his work is well known in Paris, Berlin and Brussels.

John Pound & Co.

Actual OF Makers

DRESSING CASES, TRUNKS, HAT BOXES, KIT BAGS, Etc.



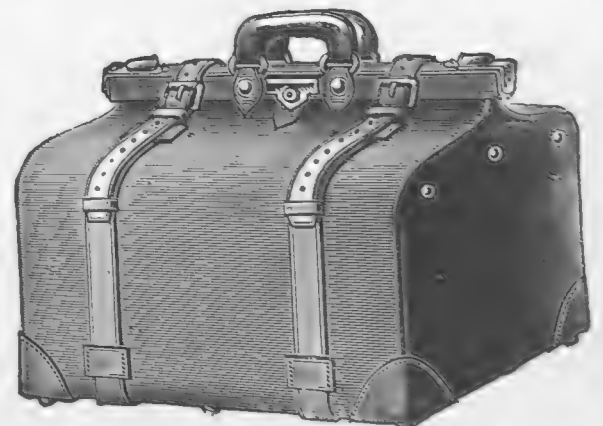
Best COMPRESSED CANE, welted with HIDE, straps round, SOLID LEATHER corners, LEVER LOCK, superior finish.

30 x 21 x 14
£4 15 0

33 x 21½ x 14
£5 5 0

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£5 15 0

JOHN POUND & Co.'s NEW SHOWROOMS
Now Open at 268-270, OXFORD ST., W.,
are replete with an up-to-date Stock of LEATHER,
SILVER, AND CUTLERY Goods



Best OXHIDE KIT BAG.
LEATHER Corners, STRAPS round, Lever Lock.
22 in., 57/6 24 in., 65/- 26 in., 72/6

268-270, Oxford Street, W.

211, Regent Street, W.

67, Piccadilly, W.

177-178, Tottenham Court Road, W.

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THE INTERNATIONAL FUR STORE

Reliable Manufacturing Furriers



163 & 165 REGENT STREET



THE FAMOUS HOUSE FOR
FINE QUALITY FURS
AT MODERATE PRICES

VISITORS TO LONDON and Connoisseurs of Furs are cordially invited to visit the Company's Salons to inspect the smart New Model Garments, up-to-date in style, originality and good taste. Made in Imperial Russian Sable, Chinchilla, Ermine, Mink, all varieties of Foxes, and other Fashionable Furs

○ ○ at Summer Prices. ○ ○

ALL SKINS GUARANTEED FOR SOUNDNESS
AND ALSO FOR CORRECT DESCRIPTIONS
PRICES MARKED IN PLAIN FIGURES.



RE-MODELLING TO THE PRESENT
FASHIONS A SPECIALITE OF THE
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THE INTERNATIONAL FUR STORE

Only Address: 163 & 165 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

(TWO DOORS FROM NEW BURLINGTON STREET.)

There is a certain delicate aromatic taste about real Kummel, which develops slowly upon the palate. The connoisseur knows it by its flavour without looking for its name. He knows it is

J. A. MENTZENDORFF & CO.'S

ALLASCH KUMMEL

Note: (None genuine without the signature

"G. B. v. BLANCKENHAGEN" on the label.)

HAVE YOU REALISED
that



IS CHEAP AGAIN?

MILES' Finest Three Star Excellent, in sides weighing about 45 lbs. each, now used regularly by over 1000 titled personages.

Unsmoked, 7d. per lb. Smoked, 7½d. per lb. Rail Paid Anywhere.

Absolutely the finest BACON at the price on the Market. Will keep perfectly for 6 weeks or 2 months. Money returned if not satisfactory.

Send for Coronation List:

EDWARD MILES,

Contractor to H.M. Govt.,

BROADMEAD BACON FACTORY, BRISTOL.



Test Calox Tooth Powder—FREE!

Every time you brush your teeth with CALOX, you cleanse and purify your mouth and teeth and gums with OXYGEN.

How very delightful the experience is you cannot know until you try CALOX. Calox does all every other dentifrice does—and more.

Send us your name and address on a post-card, and we will send you a box of Calox, together with a useful little Book, free of cost. Calox is sold in non-wasting metal boxes, at 1s. 1½d. everywhere.

CALOX

THE OXYGEN TOOTH POWDER

To get the fullest benefit from Calox, use the Calox Tooth Brush, specially designed for use with Calox Tooth Powder, and by means of it every part of every tooth can be perfectly cleaned. It's a really splendid shilling's-worth.

G. B. KENT & SONS, Ltd., 75, Farringdon Road, London, E.C.

A WOMAN'S HAIR

is her crowning beauty and the climax of all that goes to make her Lovely, Radiant and Magnetic, toning down irregularities and giving shape and poise to the head.

ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL

improves the texture and promotes the growth of the hair, nourishes and invigorates it: its regular use insures a wealth of soft, silky hair; is prepared in a Golden Colour for Fair Hair and for Children's Hair; sizes 3/6, 7/-, 10/6 and 21/-, of Stores, Chemists, Hairdressers and

ROWLAND'S, 67, HATTON GARDEN, LONDON.

FRASER'S
PAY MOST CASH

Send Your
Disused Jewellery and Valuables
to the Oldest and most Reputable House in the Kingdom and get highest cash offer by return.

Best prices. Absolute privacy. Strict integrity.

We buy old and modern gold Jewellery, trinkets, watches, chains, rings, pendants, necklaces, diamonds, pearls, antique silver, Shell gold, modern silver and electro-plate, broken gold, platinum, &c.

Send to-day by registered post. EST. 1833.

References—Capital & Counties Bank.
R.D. & J.B. FRASER, Ltd. (Desk 12),
Princes Street, IPSWICH.

ARTISTIC HEADWEAR — ARTISTICALLY DISPLAYED.



"HAT MAKING IN THE HANDS OF MESSRS. DUNN & CO. IS UNDOUBTEDLY A WORK OF ART."

French Corsets in every type,
style, and material kept in stock.

(The London Corset Co.)

28 NEW BOND ST
W.

The Corsets in the windows of the London Corset Co. are an indication of the coming season and fashion. The beauty and design of these Corsets are not only unsurpassed, but unequalled in London or Paris. All ladies should see them.



Striped Coutille is the material of this Corset. It is so constructed that the top of the Corset takes the place of a bust bodice, giving the most graceful effect.

All discomfort of its extreme length is obviated by an elastic gusset. It is peculiarly adapted for the wearer of Princesse dresses.

52, 6

The London Corset Co. are publishing a series of testimonials from famous French actresses whose knowledge of the art of Dress and Corsets is indisputable



"Supple, yet with a lightness hitherto unknown, the 'Pink Carnation,' the latest corset of the London Corset Co., gives you both support and youth."

(Signed)
CATH LAUGIER.
Renaissance Theatre.

Sent on approval upon receipt of satisfactory references.



Tecla's Artificial Gems

For the convenience of their patrons, the Tecla Company have installed a private show-room with a separate entrance through the main hall of the building, 7 Old Bond Street.

Upon request, they send home, for selection, assortments of their jewels. This affords an opportunity for examination, at leisure, of the marvellous creations of Professor Tecla.

TECLA

LONDON
7 Old Bond Street
NEW YORK
398 Fifth Avenue

PARIS
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NICE
16 Avenue Masséna

No other Branches or Agents



Healthy and Beautiful Skin

is more desirable than good features, and is much easier to obtain. To keep the complexion free from blemish, and the skin soft as velvet, in spite of biting winds or scorching sun, use

Shem-el-Nessim
Toilet Cream

Perfumed with the Scent of Araby.

A Magical Eastern Balm which soothes and smooths in a miraculous manner. Free from grease, it does not promote the growth of down or hair, but entirely disappears in use. Sample Pot, and name of nearest agent, sent post free for 1/9.

J. GROSSMITH & SON (Dept. C.I.) Newgate St., LONDON.

ESTABLISHED OVER HALF A CENTURY.

DREW and SONS,
PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W.

INVENTORS AND SOLE MAKERS

THE NEW PATENT "EN ROUTE" TEA BASKET.

Invaluable to all Travelling to the Continent.

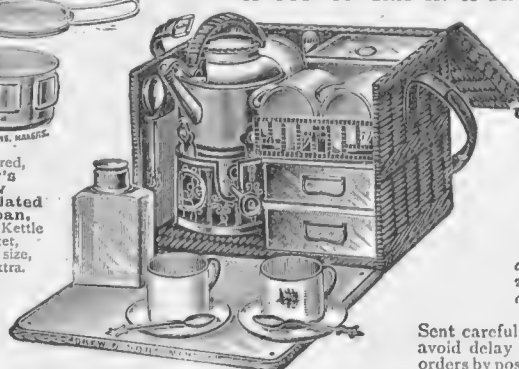
Specially Adapted for Use when Motoring.

No. Regd. 281,332.



If required,
Drew's
New
Silver-Plated
Saucepan,
fits under Kettle
in Basket,
2-Person size,
10/6 extra.

A CUP OF TEA IN A FEW MINUTES.



Two-person size (as sketch with Silver-Plated Kettle)

£2 10s.

Or with all Fittings Silver-Plated and Plated Tray,

£3 3s. 6d.

Easily carried.

Size (closed), 12 in. long by 7 in. wide by 9 in. high.

NOTE.—All Tea Baskets of Drews' make are fitted with their patent adjustable safe spirit lamp.

Sent carefully packed to all parts. To avoid delay cheques should accompany orders by post. Catalogue on application.

A Novel and Really Useful Wedding Present.

DREW & SONS,

Makers to the Royal Family.

DRESSING BAGS AND CASES.

PATENT WOOD FIBRE TRUNKS.



SHOW ROOMS
PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W.



A Prospectus has been filed with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies, which states amongst other things that—
£100,000 part of this issue is underwritten by Rolls-Royce Limited for a commission of £5 per cent.

AUTOMOBILES ROLLS-ROYCE (FRANCE) LIMITED.

(Incorporated under the Companies (Consolidation) Act, 1908.)

The List will be opened on Wednesday, the 31st day of May, 1911, at 10 o'clock a.m., and will be closed on Friday, the 2nd day of June, 1911, at 3 o'clock p.m.

THE LONDON CITY AND MIDLAND BANK, LTD., at their Head Office, 5, Threadneedle Street, and all their Branch Offices, are authorised to receive applications for the undermentioned Shares.

Share Capital - £250,000.

Divided into 250,000 Shares of £1 each.

170,000 SHARES ARE NOW OFFERED FOR SUBSCRIPTION AT PAR.
Payable as follows: 2s. 6d. on Application, 2s. 6d. on Allotment, and the balance as and when required in Calls not exceeding 4s. per Share, payable at intervals of not less than two calendar months.

DIRECTORS.

The Board will consist of the Executive Directors of Rolls-Royce, Limited, to wit—

Mr. FREDERICK HENRY ROYCE, M.I.Mech.E. and M.I.E.E., of Quarndon, Derby, Director and Engineer-in-Chief of Rolls-Royce, Limited.

Mr. CLAUDE GOODMAN JOHNSON, of 14, Old Court Mansions, Kensington, London, General Managing Director of Rolls-Royce, Limited.

LORD HERBERT ANDREW MONTAGU DOUGLAS SCOTT, D.S.O., of Bridgefoot, South Mimms, Barnet, Hertfordshire, Director of Rolls-Royce, Limited, and Director of the Sun Life Assurance Society, the Sun Insurance Office, and the Tilbury Contracting and Dredging Company, Ltd.

Mr. ERNEST ALEXANDER CLAREMONT, M.I.Mech.E. and M.I.E.E., of Broom Cottage, High Leigh, Cheshire, Chairman of the Board of Directors and Commercial Adviser of Rolls-Royce, Ltd.

All of whom will hold offices in this Company similar to those held in Rolls-Royce, Ltd.

And the following Three Gentlemen—

Monsieur VICTOR BAGUES, Conseiller du Commerce Extérieur de la France, Managing Director of Bagues Frères, Electrical Engineers, 31, Rue des Francs-Bourgeois, Paris.

Monsieur EVREMOND DE SAINT ALARY, of 32, Rue de la Ferme Neuilly, St. James, France, Administrateur de la Société Anonyme des Sucreries du Moule et de la Cie. Marseillaise de Sucrerie Coloniale.

Mr. WALTER BEHRENS, Engineer, of 120, Avenue des Champs Elysées, Paris, Administrateur de la Ste. des Papeteries d'Alfortville, Chevalier of the Legion of Honour.

BANKERS.

THE LONDON CITY AND MIDLAND BANK, Limited, 5, Threadneedle Street, London.
SOLICITORS.—MESSRS. CLAREMONT HAYNES & CO., of Vernon House, Bloomsbury Square, London, W.C.

BROKERS.—MESSRS. SPERLING & CO., of 7, 9 & 11, Moorgate Street, London.

AUDITORS.

MESSRS. W. B. PEAT & CO., 11, Ironmonger Lane, London, Chartered Accountants.
REGISTERED OFFICE.—14 & 15, Conduit Street, Regent Street, London.

This Company has been registered by Rolls-Royce, Limited, whose registered office is at their Works in Nightingale Road, Osmaston, Derby, with the object of manufacturing the famous Rolls-Royce Motor Chassis in France and selling there and in the other countries of Europe, other than the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

ROLLS-ROYCE CARS.—It is unnecessary to say anything in praise of the Rolls-Royce car, the reputation of which is world-wide. The Rolls-Royce car is generally recognised as the best car in the world.

The Rolls-Royce car (which is made only of one type and size, and with a 6-cylinder engine) holds an unparalleled combination of official records for reliability, low cost of upkeep, durability, fuel consumption, speed in ascending hills, accessibility of working parts, and in other respects.

Although so costly, the demand for the car has yearly been, and is, increasing, and the output of Rolls-Royce, Limited (necessarily limited to ensure quality) is sold many months ahead of production.

PROFITS OF ROLLS-ROYCE, LIMITED.—Rolls-Royce, Limited, was registered in March 1906, and after the excellence of the Rolls-Royce car had been established by public demonstration that Company erected works and commenced manufacturing on a substantial basis.

The net profit earned by that Company has been as follows—

Year ended 31st October, 1907	£5,389 19 0
" " 1908	£9,063 7 11
" " 1909	£19,093 15 7
" " 1910	£37,760 14 3

In the last year that Company, after making ample provision for depreciation, paid a dividend of 15 per cent. on the amount for the time being paid up on the Preferred Ordinary Shares, and approximately 10 per cent. on the Ordinary Shares, and placed to reserve £17,500. During the years referred to that Company has out of profits written off in respect of special depreciation of property and preliminary expenses £8,815, and created a Reserve Fund of £27,777.

The Preferred Ordinary Shares of Rolls-Royce, Limited (which receive a preference dividend of 6 per cent. and two-thirds of the surplus divisible profits) were at the final date of settling this Prospectus officially quoted on the London Stock Exchange at £2 4s. 9d.—£2 6s. 3d. per £1 share.

PURPOSE OF THIS COMPANY—

Firstly.—To erect and equip a works in France.

Secondly.—To make there similar chassis to those now produced by Rolls-Royce, Limited, at Derby.

Thirdly.—To sell such chassis in France and all European countries other than the United Kingdom.

THE NEW WORKS.—This Company will (subject to their complying with the terms of the contract) forthwith be entitled to all available information, including drawings and specifications, with regard to the present works and equipment of Rolls-Royce, Limited, at Derby, including particulars of the modern and highly accurate machine tools, which considerable experience and experiments have shown to be the most suitable. The general intention is that the works in France shall be as far as practicable a duplicate of the works at Derby as regards both buildings and equipment.

THE CHASSIS.—This Company will be forthwith entitled to full information regarding all new current designs, patterns, methods and special processes and organisation employed in the production of the Rolls-Royce Car, and all alterations and improvements thereto during the next twenty-five years, and to the privilege of at once sending their principal artisans and operatives to the present works at Derby for instruction in all such matters.

ADMINISTRATION.—This Company, both as regards its producing and selling departments, will be under the same executive Directors as Rolls-Royce, Limited. That Company will transfer to this Company the lease of their spacious show-rooms (now in course of preparation) in the Avenue des Champs Elysées, Paris.

CO-OPERATION.—This Company and Rolls-Royce, Limited, will each of them, for the next twenty-five years (subject to itself complying with the terms of the contract), be entitled to all improvements made or invented by or for the other.

PRICE.—For the above advantages Rolls-Royce, Limited, has fixed the price to be paid at £125,000, of which £80,000 will be discharged by the issue of 80,000 shares credited as fully paid, and £45,000 will be paid or discharged in cash or fully paid shares at par at the option of Automobiles Rolls-Royce (France), Limited.

CAPITAL STATEMENT.—The site of the proposed works will probably be taken on a rental, in which case there will be no capital expenditure on this head.

To erect and equip a suitable works capable of yielding an output comparable to that of Rolls-Royce, Limited, is estimated to cost approximately ... £95,000

For working capital after defraying the costs of registering the Company and of this issue ... 30,000

Payable to Rolls-Royce, Limited ... 125,000

£250,000

Mr. F. H. Royce has prepared the above estimate of the cost of erecting and equipping the proposed new works, and in doing so has had the benefit of experience gained in the erection and equipment of the Rolls-Royce factory at Derby.

Contracts have been arranged to secure the services of the first four above-named Directors so long as they hold the same offices respectively in Rolls-Royce, Limited.

The minimum subscription on which the Directors may, according to the Articles of Association, proceed to allotment, is 100,000 shares, the number underwritten, and accordingly the Directors will proceed to allotment on 100,000 shares being subscribed.

Full prospectuses, with forms of application, can be obtained at the Registered Office of the Company, 14 and 15, Conduit St., London, W., or the Company's Bankers, Solicitors, or Brokers.

A Famous Cricketer



Nerve Strain, Weariness, Exhaustion—

To enable me to *wear* well, says George Hirst, the celebrated Yorkshire cricketer, to get the *best* out of oneself, Phosferine is wonderfully effective, and imparts a marvellous reserve of staying power. Speaking of these very same unique advantages possessed by Phosferine, Charles Gardiner, the winner of the 1909 Marathon, said, "Phosferine permanently invigorates and tones up the system, and, in fact, *proved my greatest mainstay*."

Wherever men gain distinction by severe mental or physical effort, fight pluckily and cheerfully against great odds, it is always upon Phosferine they rely for the power and energy to see them through. To Gardiner, struggling through heat and dust, it meant victory, to George Hirst, overwrought with the nervous tensy and suspense of a critical game, Phosferine means the steady nerves and staying power which enable him to *wear* well. The splendid form which distinguishes George Hirst's wonderful play testifies to the energising potency of Phosferine, which, says the redoubtable cricketer, dispels all the exhaustion and weariness caused by prolonged batting and bowling under a hot sun.

Quite Naturally Overcome.

G. H. Hirst, the wonderful Yorkshire cricketer, Kirkheaton, Yorks, writes:—"I have found that after a very hard day's work in the cricket field, when my system has felt exhausted and my whole body weary, Phosferine always exerts a wonderfully refreshing, stimulative and restorative effect. When my nerves have been greatly overwrought by the excitement and strain of prolonged bowling and batting under a hot sun, your preparation both calms and strengthens them; and enables me to *wear* well throughout the most trying season. Phosferine endows one with marvellous staying power, and its timely use wards off all the ill-consequences to which athletes are especially prone from the nature of their calling—exposure, &c."

PHOSFERINE

THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS

A PROVEN REMEDY FOR

Nervous Debility	Neuralgia	Lassitude	Backache
Influenza	Maternity Weakness	Neuritis	Rheumatism
Indigestion	Premature Decay	Faintness	Headache
Sleeplessness	Mental Exhaustion	Brain-Fag	Hysteria
Exhaustion	Loss of Appetite	Anæmia	Sciatica

and disorders consequent upon a reduced state of the nervous system.



The Royal Tonic



Phosferine has been supplied by Royal Commands

To the Royal Family
H.M. the Empress of Russia
H.M. the King of Spain
H.M. the King of Greece
H.M. the Queen of Roumania

H.M. the Queen of Spain
H.M. the Dowager Empress of Russia
H.I.H. the Grand Duchess Olga of Russia
H.R.H. the Grand Duchess of Hesse
The Imperial Family of China

And the Principal Royalty and Aristocracy throughout the world.

The 2/9 size contains nearly four times the 1/1½ size.

THE WHEEL AND THE WING.

(Continued.)

A Caution to Garage Owners. Before supplying the chauffeurs of their customers with motor-car accessories on credit, garage proprietors would do well to inquire whether the chauffeur's master has empowered him to make such purchases and pledge his credit. A short time since, the Judge of the Brackley County Court held that an implied or presumed authority to a chauffeur to order and take delivery of such valuable articles as tyres could not be inferred from the mere fact that he was a chauffeur and had previously ordered such things as grease, petrol, and oil for his master. In the best interests of the trade, it would be well for the Agents' Section of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders to take counsel's opinion upon this, even if they do not take the case to appeal, which really ought to be done, presuming an appeal would lie from a County Court. In the meantime, garage proprietors would be wise to make certain first how far their various regular customers are prepared to allow their chauffeurs to pledge their credit.

A Cellular Tyre-Filling. Tyre-fillings have come and tyre-fillings have gone, even those backed by the opinion of accepted experts, whose opinions the test of time has set at naught. But one remains, and would appear to gain in public favour day by day. It bears the rather curious name of "Pneumatic," and is favoured by the Dunlop Tyre Company. It is not quite a filling in the meaning of the term as hitherto accepted, for it is claimed to provide the motorist with a form of compressed air which has the great advantage of permanence coupled with a considerable measure of resilience. A sketch of the main features of the process by which it is produced may be interesting. The ingredients are mixed in a steel cylinder at a temperature of 200 degrees, and under a pressure of 500 lb. per square inch. The mass is then mechanically churned to a fine foam, in which air-cells ranging between one-five-hundredth and one-sixteenth of an inch are created. When the above pressure is lowered to that used when filling, the diameter of the cells increases from between one-three-thousandth and one-eighth of an inch.

Riding on Nitrogen. The material then undergoes another process when certain chemicals are sprayed in under a pressure of 2000 lb. per square inch, which increases the surface-tension to such an extent that the foam-structure remains permanent. The product is a spongy substance highly charged with compressed nitrogen, the least permeable of gases, which, it is claimed, will

retain its resiliency for years. For filling, the covers are held on a wheel with four hollow spokes, through which the filling is forced into the interior of the cover by a hydraulic ram. Every tyre before leaving the works is tested for compressibility at small intervals all round the circumference. The testing-machine, which imposes the same load as the tyre will afterwards have to bear, indicates the deflection of the tyre accurately to $\frac{1}{16}$ th of an inch. The makers say that the yield of the tyre must be absolutely the same as when it is inflated to the correct pressure with an ordinary air-tube.

Faster than Electricity.

In all probability the public will never be admitted into the official confidence with respect to the demonstration of aviation which took place at Hendon the week before last. But whatever may be the concrete military opinion, it is impossible for the world at large not to realise that, whether our people take the matter seriously or no, aviation has got to be reckoned with, and that most seriously, in the next big war. It may be that victory, in lieu of going to the big battalions, will go to the force which possesses the most efficient aviation service. Much that was done at Hendon would seem to indicate this. But amongst all that has been written on the doings there, it is curious that so little has been made of one particular feature of Hamel's flight to Aldershot and back. It is indeed remarkable that in both the outward and homeward flights he outstripped the telegraph—that is to say, that he arrived at the big camp before a wire which was sent from Hendon announcing his departure immediately thereon, and again at Hendon before the Aldershot telegraphic advice of his leaving was handed in. This suggests the substitution of aeroplanes for field-telegraphs.

The Transport of Aeroplanes.

Another point—which, by the way, I have only seen touched upon in *Flight*—was the demonstration of the ease and celerity with which an aeroplane, or some of them (in this case a Blériot), can be dismembered, packed, and carried away. The object-lesson disposed once and for all of the ridiculous notion that hours are required for taking down and re-erecting one of these machines. Upon the occasion in question the Blériot was dismembered, stacked on the transport wagon, taken in and out of the grounds, and in the space of 9 min. was re-erected ready for flight. The process of dismantling and packing ready for departure was effected in 11 min. 5 sec. With machines specially designed for land transport, and the "plane" party drilled for the work, as gun teams are drilled for dismounting drill, the above times would in all probability be reduced by half.

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AFFORDS MAXIMUM SECURITY WHEN TOURING

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On the Race Course

Incidents
from a Lady's life
(Picture 8)

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New Registered Design No. 577,412, "Empire" Brooch or Pendant, Solid Gold, **£1 10s.** 15-ct. Gold, **£2 2s.** Beautifully finished in green and tinted yellow gold.

Continued from page 268.]

After a while it was the same silly old game. I could not find it in my heart to throw an A i chance clean away, not even for a glimpse into paradise like I'd had—I do not care who is smiling, I say it was a glimpse into paradise. Back I went, same as on the Wednesday, and I as good as got the window open, and then I left it. I was not going to burgle the house in which there was that girl I had kissed.

The next day it was the same thing all over again; I kept calling myself names, which was easy enough, and I'm not denying I was all the things I called myself—pretty hard ones some of them were. I kept on saying to myself that I had behaved like an idiot two nights, but that the third night I would take everything out of the place that was worth having—I would crack that crib as I'd never cracked a crib before, not leaving even so much as a spoon to stir their tea with. I kept on saying that I'd do it, and when the proper time for doing business came, I started off, declaring that I would be as good as my word; but I knew I shouldn't. All real, active, healthy interest in my profession had gone—clean gone. I might never have done a job as it ought to be done, the way I was feeling then. There was the lane, there was the hedge, there was the darkness, and there was me, and only the stars looking on—all the conditions a man in my profession dreams of. Down the lane I went and into the hedge, and as soon as I was in, my business there went as clean out of my mind as if I had never had any.

There was only one thing I wanted—only one, and I wanted it so bad I was all of a flutter; if you'd put your hand on the left side of my chest, you would have felt my heart a-thumping—going like a steam-hammer, my heart was. Never had I felt anything like that before—never, I will take my oath to it.

The queer part was that I knew that she would come; though I was shaking like a jelly for fear she should not, I knew she would. And she did. Ah, even now I seem to go all over goose-flesh every time I think of it.

Not a sound, not a warning, nothing to show she was within miles—she must have trod on air, she moved so noiselessly; yet all in a moment—her face came through the hedge, the sweetest thing that ever did come through a hedge, and I started trembling so I must have shaken the ground I was standing on. And, of course, I kissed her. When I shut my eyes I can recall the rapture; something like a kiss that was—the one of the three; better, more solid, more lasting, more tasty, than both the other two together. I leaned forward, found her lips—oh, yes, I found them—I had not far to go to do it, and what a thrill it did send through me! The other two times it had been a touch, hardly more than a touch, and all was over; but that third time—it was a bumper, filled

to the brim, and I drained it, every drop—I didn't leave no heel-taps, I can tell you. When the face was gone, there was, so to speak, very little left of me to go. But I took it, right down the lane, clean off; I never went back either, when, in the usual manner, I began to tell myself what a fool I was; and I've never been back since. And when I do go back, if I ever do, it won't be with the idea of doing a little bit of business; nothing of the sort—no. Sometimes I wonder what she would look like, in the daytime, if I saw more of her. Would, as a poet might say, the dream be shattered? If she had red hair it would; I'm a bit that way myself, so I like them dark. So perhaps I had better take no risks. I have three memories, quite apart from the crib I left uncracked, and I never shall forget them, so perhaps I'd better let it go at that—and draw my own picture of her in my own mind's eye.

As I remarked at the beginning, this is a rum world, and the rummiest part of it is that you do not know yourself; you are a surprise to yourself—even at my time of life.

III.—EPILOGUE.

"Now, whoever's that? Can't they let you alone even for a moment?"

The lady rose with some show of precipitation; she had been sitting on the gentleman's knee. The gentleman rose also.

"My dear," he said to the lady, and a smile was in his eyes as well as on his lips, "a parson is always at his people's call; you'll find that out before you've been a parson's wife very long."

The person who had knocked at the door came in with an announcement that someone, a man, wished to see the Vicar; he would give no name, but declared that his business with the Vicar was "most particular." The servant was instructed to show the man in. The Vicar said to the lady—"You might wait in the den. If the business on which my anonymous friend wishes to see me really is of a very special nature I'll shut the door; if it isn't, there'll be no harm in leaving it ajar."

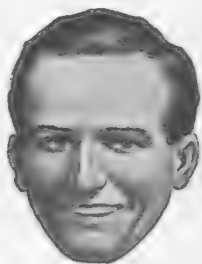
Presently the visitor was ushered in—an undersized man, with sandy hair and a bad complexion. The parson recognised him on the instant.

"Why, Simpson—of all men!"

There was something in the speaker's manner which the newcomer did not seem to find altogether flattering; it seemed to occasion him discomfort. He seemed scarcely at his ease, looking at everything in the room except the Vicar. Putting his hands up to his lips, he gave a little furtive cough, as a sort of preface.

"Yes, Mr. Frye, it's Simpson—once Toff Simpson, now Edward Simpson; I thought you'd be surprised to see me. But I'm a

[Continued on page xxvi.]



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Continued from page xxiv.

reformed character now; put my old ways all behind me—shouldn't know them if I was to see 'em. The man as is has nothing to do with the man as was—no, Mr. Frye, nothing."

"I hope, Simpson, that the reformation is likely to be lasting. You remember, on a previous occasion——"

Mr. Simpson cut the Vicar short.

"Yes, Mr. Frye, I do remember; I'm not likely to forget. But when I tell you that for more than three years I've given up the old game, turned teetotal, and haven't eaten so much as a crust which I haven't honestly earned, you'll allow that it looks that I can keep straight if I set myself to do it."

"I never doubted that, Simpson; what I have doubted, with only too good reason, is your own inclination."

Again Mr. Simpson coughed behind his hand.

"Mr. Frye, I'd like, if you don't mind, to tell you a little story; and then, perhaps, you'll see how it is with me."

Then Mr. Simpson told the parson the story which he has just told us; seriously enough, yet not without a suggestion of a sense of humour. Perhaps the most humorous touch came at the finish.

"I've heard of some queer ways of being saved and being brought to see the error of your ways, and kissing a girl you never saw through a hedge in the dark does seem to me to be the queerest of them all; and that's how it may strike you, Sir. But that's what did it in my case, all the same. Three times I kissed her on three different nights, and somehow the taste of her kisses took the taste of the other sort of thing clean out of me—that's the strict truth, Mr. Frye. I thought of what she'd feel if she ever came to know what sort of a creature it was that kissed her; and one thing led to another. I made up my mind that I'd turn myself into something of which she should be as little ashamed as might be. And I've been doing it more than three years, Mr. Frye. I married——"

"Oh, you are married."

"Yes, Mr. Frye, I married a most respectable young woman whose mother was in the greengrocery. When she died we took on the shop, and we've got a nice little business—and twins, Mr. Frye. It's quite close to here, and if you was to favour us with an occasional order we'd do our very best to give you satisfaction. When I heard there was to be a new vicar here, and that his name was Frye, I wondered if it was the same Mr. Frye that used to be the curate down in Notting Dale—so I thought I'd call and see."

A little later the Vicar passed into the adjoining apartment which he called the den, and closed the door. It was a very small room, scarcely more than a good-sized cupboard, as became its name. He found in it the lady, who seemed to be in a singular state of agitation. Her dainty cheeks were flushed, an odd light

was in her pretty eyes. He stared at her in surprise. "Evelyn!—what's the matter?"

"Don't you understand?"

The excitement which marked her bearing caused his surprise to increase.

"Don't I understand—what?"

The door was open, as you left it. I heard what he said, about the girl he—kissed, three different nights, through the hedge, in the dark." She drew herself to her full height, which was not very much; her apparent intention was to invest herself with every mite of dignity that inches could give. "Now, don't you understand?"

A light seemed to burst upon him.

"You don't mean to say—that you're the girl he kissed?"

"Alec!" Her utterance of the name was seemingly meant as a protest against the baldness of his language. If such was the case, with masculine obtuseness, it was a protest he ignored.

"The mysterious episode of the peep-hole in the hedge resolves itself into—Simpson? What a solution!—and what a finish for a romance!"

"Alec!" The lady, dropping on to a chair, covered her face with her hands. Kneeling by her side, he put his arms about her waist. Nothing could have been more tender than the tone in which he spoke to her.

"Evelyn, you're not behaving like a—goose? Could there have been a more romantic finish, after all? You heard him say there are some curious fashions of bringing a man to see the error of his ways; could there have been a more—romantic one than this?"

When Mr. Simpson was beginning to wonder what had become of the Vicar that gentleman appeared with a lady by his side: a young and a pretty lady, with cheeks like two red roses, and eyes like shining stars. She presented a dainty picture as she came shyly into the room.

"Simpson," said the Vicar, "I also have been married since I saw you last; allow me to present you to my wife. Evelyn, this is Mr. Simpson, whom I knew when I was a curate in Notting Dale. He tells me that he has set up in the greengrocery business close by; perhaps you could manage to become a customer of his."

"Perhaps, Mr. Simpson, you could let me have a bushel of potatoes in the morning."

Probably never was so practical and commonplace an order given, even by the youngest of housewives, with such an air of bewildered confusion. Simpson's susceptible heart was captured on the spot. He had not the faintest idea what caused her emotion, but he thought that he had never seen a more charming picture of feminine embarrassment.

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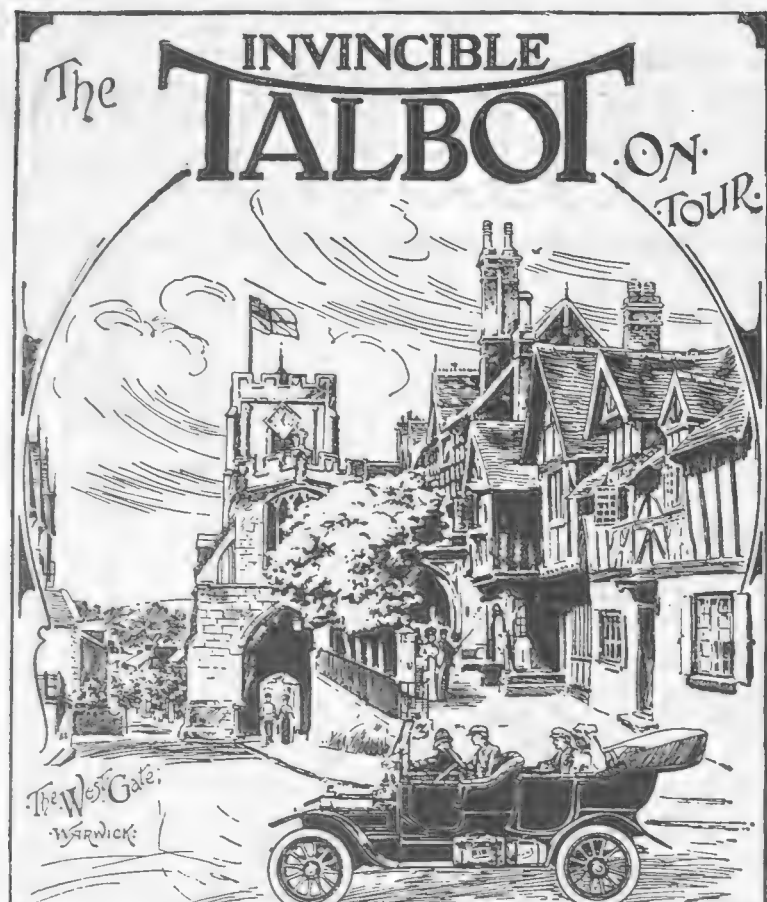


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"Yes," replied Father Avon as they strolled towards the trouble, "though I can tell what is the matter even from here." (To new arrival) "Your tyre has gone wrong, I see."

Second Motorist.—"Yes, Father, it has. For over two years I used **Avons**, then to oblige a friend I bought this at a special price, and behold the result of my folly! It's a well-known make, too. Can your people repair it?"

Father Avon.—"I'm afraid not. It's too far gone, although it has not had much wear. The loosening the tread has caused the casing to suffer considerably. It's a common weakness in tyres."

Second Motorist.—"Perhaps in common tyres, not in **Avons**, as I know from experience there's an enormous difference between your treads and those of ordinary tyres. **Avon** treads are always satisfactory."

Father Avon.—"Well, it's not usual to praise one's own work, still, what you say is true. I attribute it to the perfect manufacturing facilities my firm enjoy. You see, the successful fitting of a tread, apart from the quality of the rubber, depends upon

the process employed, the efficiency of the plant, and the skill of the worker. Many years ago I dropped the method now in use among most tyre firms; it is certainly cheap and simple, but the adhesion is chancy and the rubber is easily cut. My improved method ensures a very secure attachment, hence the tread will stand an enormous amount of wear and tear."

First Motorist.—"What is your *modus operandi*, Father?"

Father Avon.—"Well, first I take my treads and roughly mould them into shape, then, after being fitted to the casings with the utmost care, they are subjected to 100 tons pressure throughout the whole process of vulcanisation. Thus the treads and casing are vulcanised in one operation, and the great pressure causes the treads to become actually amalgamated with the casing, making it almost impossible for them ever to come away again."

Second Motorist.—"Thanks, Father. Now I fully appreciate why your tyres are so immeasurably superior to those of any other make. An **Avon** at double the usual price would have been cheaper than this one."

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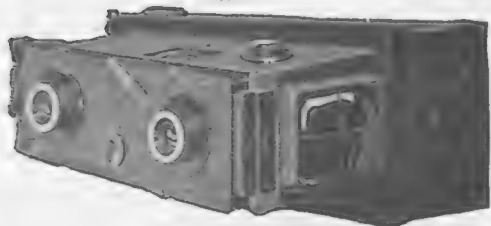
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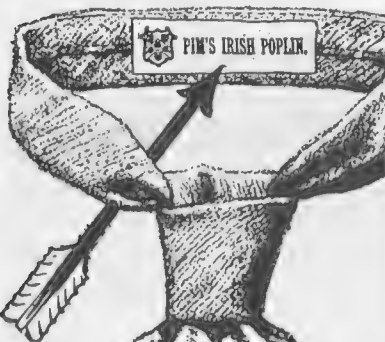
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This is the pen you should
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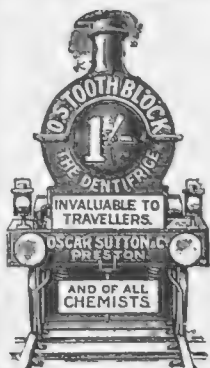
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Cab Fares refunded to all customers.
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THE COUNTY GENTLEMAN.

IT is astonishing to find how little the countryman cares for bee-keeping, in spite of the ceaseless efforts of county bee-keeping associations. In the past week or two I have been driving or cycling through a dozen remote villages, and have seen ample evidence of the neglect of apiculture in parts where there is an abundance of flowers in the cottage gardens and an abundance of trefoil and clover on the land. Even the old familiar straw skeps, once so common, are no longer plentiful, though there would be small cause for complaint here if their place had been taken by some section hive of standard pattern. I think the absence of interest in bees was most clearly to be seen in one village where a May swarm hung neglected from the outspread branch of a flowering chestnut. Even in this out-of-the-way country village it was worth half-a-sovereign to the man who could take and hive it for himself. The hour was 3 p.m.; in all probability, men coming home to their dinner had passed by the tree, and it is by no means unlikely that the swarm lived ultimately in some hollow trunk or under the rafters of an empty cottage if their scouts found one. Small wonder that enthusiastic apiarists, who believe that the summer was made for bee-men, complain of the neglect into which bee-keeping has fallen among those who would derive most benefit from it. Though the initial outlay is a considerable one for a labouring man, the return is quite remarkable; in a good year the cost of the hive and the original stock may be more than covered by the value of the first swarm and the yield of honey-flow season. My own experiments have taught me that there is more profit in bee-keeping under normal weather conditions than in poultry-rearing, or keeping goats and pigs. In a moderately fine summer bees should show a return of thirty to fifty per cent. upon outlay to the man who charges nothing to his accounts for his own labour.

Unfortunately, the old-time apiarist is passing rapidly from the countryside. You could see him in years past giving a little time to his hives when the work on the land was over for the day and the garden was tended; he had jars of good honey for sale, and sacrificed many a swarm to the sulphur-pit at the end of the summer because he knew no better. When, in the fullness of time, he secured some modern hives he would still keep a few old skeps in the garden, as though he felt a certain mistrust of new inventions; but as he became reconciled to the new order, he acquired very considerable skill in handling his stocks, a skill that he had no opportunity to exercise under the old conditions. Strange though it may appear to those who do not realise how deeply

old theories and principles enter into the life of the countryside, the passing of the straw skep has turned many a man from bee-keeping. He would not face either the reproach of being deemed old-fashioned, nor would he face the manipulation of the new and wonderful hives that have supplanted the skep. He found it easier to give up bee-keeping, which is now as a rule in the hands of very smart men who look merely to the business side of their occupation, and do not care to know more about their bees than is necessary to enable them to take honey in the largest possible quantities and sell it in the best market. With all respect for modern methods, I cannot help feeling that much charm has gone with the skep from the old garden with its sweet-williams, hollyhocks, thrift, honesty, candytuft, and sweet-smelling garden herbs. Profit might be incidental and seemly, but the garden that exists merely for the sake of profit loses no small part of its natural charm.

To those of us who love our bees and will not let them be tended by other hands as long as our own are able to deal with the work, there is as much delight in the season of honey-flow as any time of the year can bring. The sight of the first May swarm is no less delightful to me than the sight of the first covey of grouse swinging up to the butt when the heather is aflower under an August sun in the Highlands. To capture that swarm and send it rejoicing into the new hive is no less a delight than the first clean right and left of the shooting season or the moment when a fair-sized trout takes the fly. It is as good to talk with an old country apiarist, who has the experience of fifty years behind him, as it is to talk with a really clever stalker or gamekeeper who has seen in the course of daily labour the sights that are not recorded in books. To the master of hives the music of the swarm is more beautiful than the song of the nightingale or of the best-paid prima-donna who ever reached E in alt. There is a strange relief from the contemplation of daily work and worry in an hour or two among the hives; and though we know a great deal about our bees, there is still very much to learn, so that every conscientious observer may hope to add something to the common stock of knowledge. Then, again, the bee-keeping hobby is a bond that unites all the classes that the countryside holds; there is a certain freemasonry among the beekeepers who do not work on merely commercial lines. For all these reasons it seems matter for regret that beekeeping should be passing out of the hands of those who in days past were able to add a little to the scanty store of pleasure and profit allotted to them. Against all the arguments of those who say that beekeeping is on the increase I shall, for a long time to come, set the picture of the May swarm hanging neglected from the pink chestnut tree. MARK OVER.



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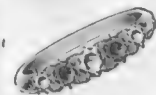
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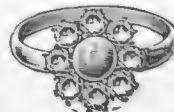
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A NEW NOVEL.

A Ship of Solace.By ELEANOR MORDAUNT.
(Heinemann.)

Here is a little book of a familiar genre. When Laurence Sterne started on the road of his Sentimental Journey, he would scarcely guess how many travellers, and how diverse, would pack their bags and trudge behind him. Every shade of sentiment has been packed with their clothes; the wearers have consigned themselves to every imaginable transport; the atlas is exhausted of curious destinations, and nothing new can be expected from the enterprise beyond the one thing that may be always new, and the only thing that counts in Art—a fine essence of personality. The old tale of Eyes and No-eyes is but a half-truth, for though what is seen be characteristic of the seer, far more so is the way in which it is conveyed by him for others. How many generations of sensitive lovers have watched the beauty of Venus in the sunset before we were taught to say—

Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky?

Therefore, it is mere detail that Miss Mordaunt's journey transpires in a sailing-ship, and that her haven is Adelaide. Two women, one a young widow, ill not so much with grief as from the strain of married life, and her paid companion ("Crabsticks," who writes their doings) set sail from Glasgow in—no name is given but *Solace*, though she was a first-class clipper-packet, "all blooming pocket-handkerchiefs," as Captain Wicks called square-rigged vessels, and they were the only women on board. At the close of a typical voyage the health officer boards them

at Melbourne, where they finally sailed, accompanied by an old lover of the widow's, who had steamed out from England for the pleasure of meeting her on the far side of the world. The inevitable marriage results, though, as Crabsticks says somebody says, "Any woman who marries twice does not deserve to have lost her first husband." Even Crabsticks, feeling lonely, adopts a desperate remedy, and the *Solace*, swinging to the tides in Melbourne Harbour, becomes her temporary home. They were charming women, and it seems churlish to wish they had read less, or, having read it, had forgotten. But it must be confessed that if everything Crabsticks says somebody said were cut out, the volume would be a thin one. Quite differing is this from their great prototype; many a sentimental journey suffers from inverted commas. We are all so cultured, and so conscious of culture. As Crabsticks cannot even look at barnacles without recalling Hudibras, there are plenty of occasions to air a distinguished course of reading. The ceremonies of the burial of the Dead Horse and Crossing the Line were duly observed by them, and some delightful chancies are recorded in full. After reviewing the life of the ship's crew—living on food that is worse than prison fare, never certain of an hour's rest, or for weeks on end

really dry or warm, carrying month by month their lives in their hands, the writer continues: "Only the other day I read that England was parting with her sailing-ships to foreign nations. If she but knew it, it is not only ships she is selling, it is a type of man, primitive, brave, and simple, from whom one could wish a hundred thousand men to be begotten in these nerve-racked days."

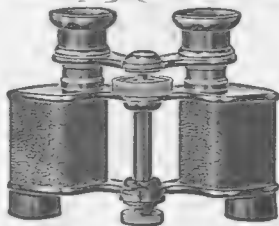


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GENERAL NOTES.

THE Agony Columns are loud with tales of loss and promises of reward. Gloucester Place is anxious, at the price of £50, to recover a jewel-case; Miss Sykes, whose name is also connected with losses by fire, is looking for a diamond earring missed in Prince's Gate; Wilbraham Place is calling for a bracelet; Kensington Court laments a diamond star; and Egerton Gardens seeks a gold purse. The list might be indefinitely prolonged, but Queen Mary's name, at any rate, cannot be found among the countless sufferers. She is more careful than Queen Elizabeth, who was often an advertiser in the following sense: "Lost from her Majesty's back, the 14th of May, 1579, one small acorn, and one caken leaf of gold, at Westminster"; or, "Lost, at Richmond, from her Majesty's back, one great diamond, given by the Earl of Leicester." The fashions of to-day are less perilous—and less communicative.

All playgoers will be glad to learn that Mr. Arthur Garrett, the popular manager of the New Theatre for Miss Julia Neilson and Mr. Fred Terry, has recovered from his recent illness, and has been able to return to the theatre to take up his duties there again.

By the enterprise of the Great Eastern Railway Company many of the delightful and bracing seaside places on the East Coast are within what may be called "residential" distance of London for business people who travel up and down to town every day. This is especially the case with places like Southend (which is within an hour's run of Liverpool Street) and Clacton, while several more distant places, thanks to restaurant-car expresses, are now within the radius. Felixstowe, for instance, can now be reached by a summer service of non-stop expresses in 1 hour 56 minutes. One very convenient arrangement for residents at Felixstowe has just come into operation. Hitherto the last train back from Liverpool Street was 5.30 p.m., but from this month a new connection has been made by which passengers can take the 7.12 to Ipswich, and there join the new train for Felixstowe at 9.32. From July 14, moreover, the 7.12 will be altered to the 7.35.

Amongst the many holiday facilities for Whitsuntide offered by the Great Eastern Railway Company may be mentioned cheap excursions to the principal towns in the Eastern Counties, Lincolnshire, Lancashire, Yorkshire, and the North-East Coast. A large number of special and relieving trains will be run in order to meet the requirements of the extra traffic. Restaurant-car expresses will

also be included in the service. For the convenience of persons detained at business until late on Saturday, special midnight trains will leave Liverpool Street at 12.20 (night) for Norwich, via Cambridge, and at 12.25 (night) for Norwich, Yarmouth, and Lowestoft, via Ipswich, calling at the principal intermediate stations. The supper train will leave Liverpool Street at 12.3 (night) for Colchester and Clacton-on-Sea as usual. A special booking-office will be opened at Liverpool Street Station from May 29 to June 3 for the issue of tickets for use on forward dates. Programmes and full information can be obtained at any of the Company's offices, or upon application to the Superintendent of the Line, Liverpool Street Station, London, E.C.

For Epsom Races—the Derby and Oaks—the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway Company are making special arrangements to despatch express trains at frequent intervals from Victoria and London Bridge direct to their Epsom Downs Racecourse Station, near the Grand Stand. A Pullman Limited non-stop thirty-minute express, leaving Victoria (Brighton Railway) 12.15 p.m., will run on all four race-days. It will return from Epsom Downs at five o'clock. The return fare is ten shillings. A special train for horses and attendants will leave Newmarket on May 29, 30, 31, and June 1 for Epsom by the direct route via Liverpool Street, avoiding the circuitous route round London.

In connection with the Epsom Races, on May 30, 31, June 1 and 2, the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway will run a special service of trains as required, between 9.0 a.m. and 1.5 p.m., on May 30, June 1 and 2, and between 7.50 a.m. and 1.5 p.m. on May 31, from Charing Cross, Waterloo, St. Paul's, Cannon Street, London Bridge, and East Croydon, to Tattenham Corner Station, and vice versa. Tattenham Corner Station is actually on the course, and within a few minutes' walk of the grand stand. A popular cold luncheon, also afternoon teas, can be obtained at that station. The last special train will leave Charing Cross at 1.5 p.m.

Her Majesty the Queen has granted a Warrant of Appointment as photographers to Messrs. Campbell-Gray, Ltd., the official photographers to the Festival of Empire and Pageant of London. They are reproducing in engraving form their picture of the King and Queen, of which they are printing five hundred copies, and are supplying them at one guinea per pair, handing over the whole five hundred guineas to the Festival of Empire Fund. In addition to these five hundred copies, twelve pairs have been ordered by her Majesty for presentation herself.

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ARE you suffering from eczema, either on your face, neck, or behind your ears? If so, it is needless to remind you of your misery. There is only one thing you want to know—how to get rid of your trouble. To do this you must use Antexema. In tens of thousands of cases Antexema has cured after all other treatments, doctors, and specialists had absolutely failed. Antexema is so certain to cure you that you ought to use it, and the longer you delay doing so the longer you will suffer. Get a bottle to-day.

We are anxious every reader should recognise that Antexema is quite unique. There is nothing else like it, and that's why it succeeds when all else fails. Instead of being a greasy ointment, it is a creamy liquid made in our own laboratory under perfect supervision. Antexema is absorbed as soon as applied, and forms an invisible antiseptic covering to the affected part, and keeps out dust and germs, whilst it heals the trouble. As soon as it touches the affected spot, all itching and burning pain magically disappears, and those unable to sleep comfortably for months, owing to maddening irritation, enjoy restful sleep the first night they use Antexema. Why continue to suffer when, by adopting the Antexema treatment, you can gain instant relief, and secure a complete cure?

Antexema is so certain to succeed

there is no need to despair, whatever your skin illness, or however long it has lasted. Angry-looking pimples, blotches, blackheads, bad legs, eczema, either dry, weeping, or scaly; face spots, baby rashes, scalp trouble, skin irritation, and sores, are all completely and permanently cured by this miraculous remedy. One word of warning. Never neglect the early signs of skin illness. Apply Antexema when the skin first becomes unhealthy, and thus prevent further trouble and save yourself untold misery.

Do your duty to your skin. Go to any Chemist or Stores and get a bottle of Antexema to-day. Boots Cash Chemists, Army and Navy, Civil Service Stores, Harrods', Selfridge's, Whiteley's, Lewis and Burrows' supply it at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per bottle. Also in India, Australasia, Canada, South Africa, and throughout Europe. If you wish to try this all British skin-cure beforehand, mention the name of "The Sketch" and enclose three penny stamps for copy of booklet, "Skin Troubles," and there will also be forwarded with it a Free Trial of Antexema, Antexema Soap, the great aid to skin health, and Antexema Granules, which purify the blood. Send to-day to the Antexema Company, 83, Castle Road, London, N.W., and prove the value of the complete Antexema treatment.



N. T., of Birkenhead, writes:—"I feel so pleased with Antexema, because after using it the eczema on my face so quickly vanished."



E. W., of Chipping Norton, writes:—"I am writing to thank you for the cure of my husband's arm by Antexema. It was a bad case, but Antexema cured it."

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CURES EVERY SKIN ILLNESS



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